

# WELL-UP-TO-DATE

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*Hell up to Date.*



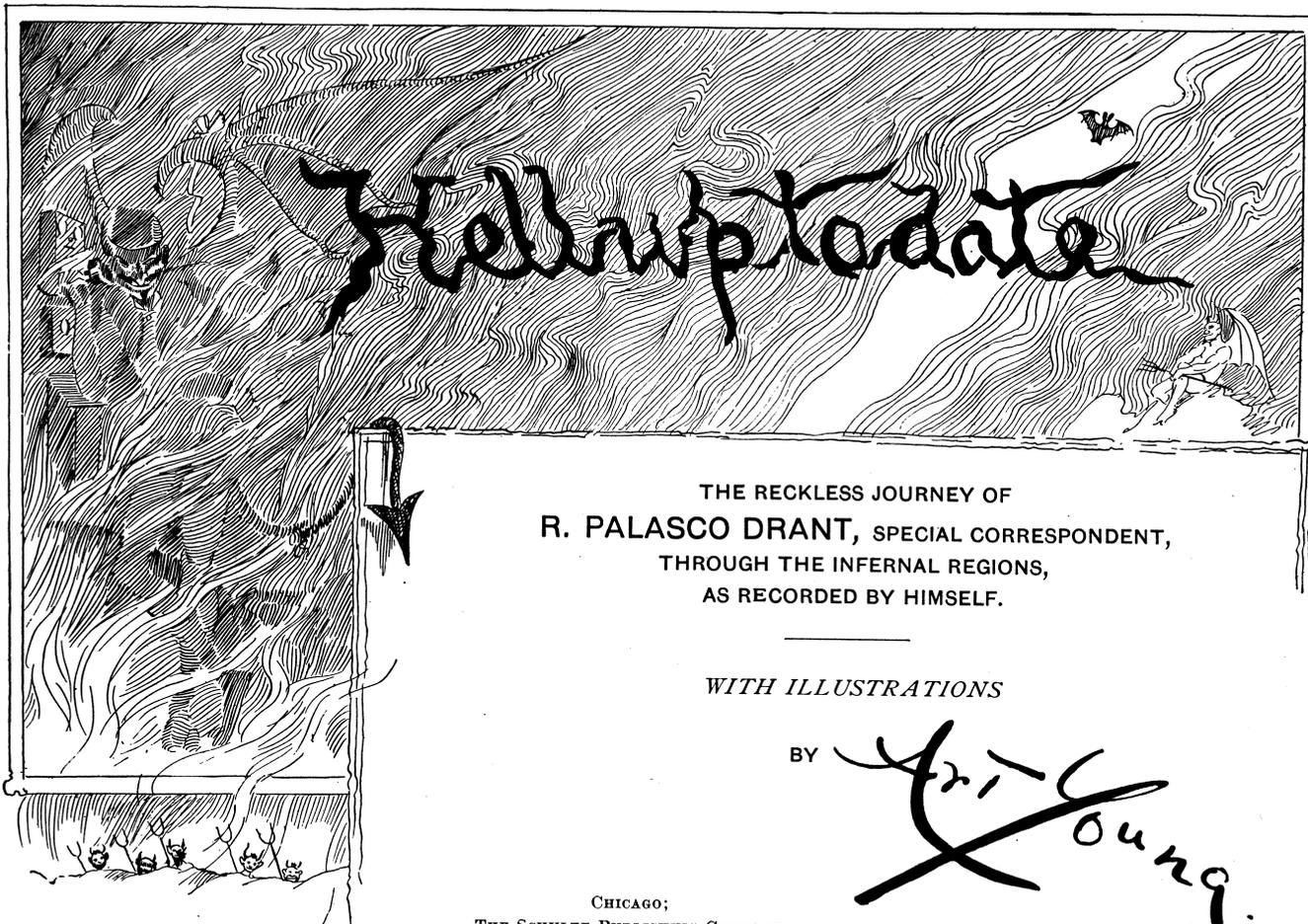






R. PALASCO DRANT.

The only fellow since Dante's time who has had the courage to explore the Infernal Regions.



# Hellwipkadee

THE RECKLESS JOURNEY OF  
R. PALASCO DRANT, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT,  
THROUGH THE INFERNAL REGIONS,  
AS RECORDED BY HIMSELF.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY *Art Young*

CHICAGO;  
THE SCHULTE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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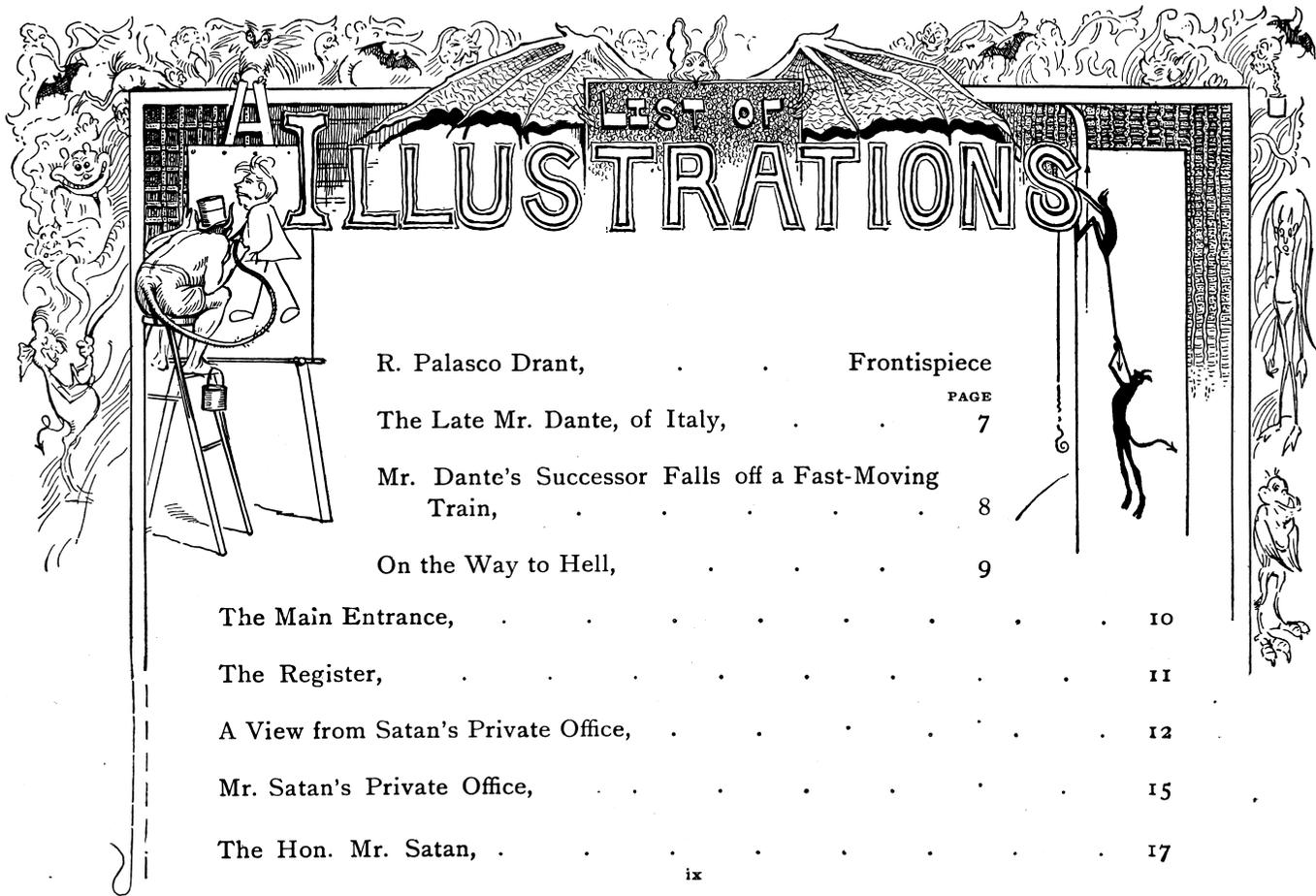
When this book was submitted for publication it was thought wise, business wise, to leave out the picture of that department of the Infernal Regions where the book-publishers are punished. Its feel constrained even at this late day to make some reparation for this apparent leniency toward a class of people who are the cause of perpetual sorrow to many authors.

Therefore, in line with other harsh punishments of Hell up to date, we boldly dedicated this edition, to our friend the publisher  
T. J. Schulte.



Arthur Cowley.





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## A Word about Mr. Dante.

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Dante Alighieri was the first man to make a really thorough exploration of Hell. That was several hundred years ago. Even now there can be seen down there the famous gentleman's footprints. Fortunately Dante had a guide, one Virgil, a poet for whom he had always shown a tender attachment.

The terms on which Virgil offered his services are immaterial here, though it is interesting to know how easily Dante, by timely use of soft words, induced this eminent poet to go ahead and perform such humiliating jobs as that of carrying the Italian across ravines of hissing snakes; of defending him against the onslaught of demons; or of chasing his laurel crown down a deep chasm after he had fallen in a fit.

Dante, when in "that gloomy wood astray," discerns a form of one "whose voice seemed faint through long disuse of speech." Frightened at

first, he soon recovers and asks the specter's name. The apparition tells him, in slow, measured blank verse, the story of his ancestry. When he has finished Dante starts forward with bulging eyes: "And art thou, then, that Virgil?" (Virgil grunts, for what better can a spirit do than grunt?) "My master, thou, and guide! Thou art he from whom alone I have derived that style which for its beauty into fame exalts me." Thus it will be seen that Dante, through a little skillful flattery (for Dante was a politician as well as a poet), made Virgil his guide. Dante was a tall, round-shouldered man, whose nature was doubtless proud and even offensively arrogant. Just before elections, however, he would act quite cordial, shaking hands with the yeomanry, and picking imaginary lint off the shoulders of the people whose votes he could use. After election—that was another matter.

He would ignore everybody as he passed them, talking to himself in deep abstraction, his long chin working like a jig-saw, and his eyes looking neither to the right nor left. Enemies sprang up about him in great numbers. The formidable dagger of the destroyer of peace and the assassin of happiness seemed ubiquitous. At one time, about 1291, we see him fighting with a Florentine constable, who has interceded in a family quarrel. At another, about 1301, he is rolling around in front of a throne in a frenzied clinch with a Roman pope. And then, again, we see him chased into exile. So it went through life. Three diurnal quarrels was a small average. Kings and queens, popes, family doctors, wife's relations, yea, innumerable foes, seemed to conspire against him and make his life one long, fretful race with adversity.

But he got even. He wrote Hell and consigned his enemies—wife's relations and all—along with Judas, Cain, Ugolino and the whole motley throng, to an infamous immortality. The men who differed

from him, politically or religiously, were hurled head-first along with the young man who played the piccolo opposite the Dante homestead. Five hundred years have passed. Men and women have been just as bad since that time. Nuisances have abounded to make life just as miserable as in those days of yore.

What do we do? We shy valuable bric-a-brac at a cornet fiend. We curse a chronic book borrower. We feel a malicious desire to give a society bore a long, lingering kick. Pessimism we hate. But of what avail is all this? To follow the precedent laid down by Dante seems never to have occurred to any one. In this book, however, we have revived the old retaliatory method adopted by the immortal poet. But the principal reason for this second exploration was to learn if the region of fire was the same as of old, or whether it kept pace with the triumphal march of progress.

The author found it right in line. Even Hell is now run on the broad, American plan.



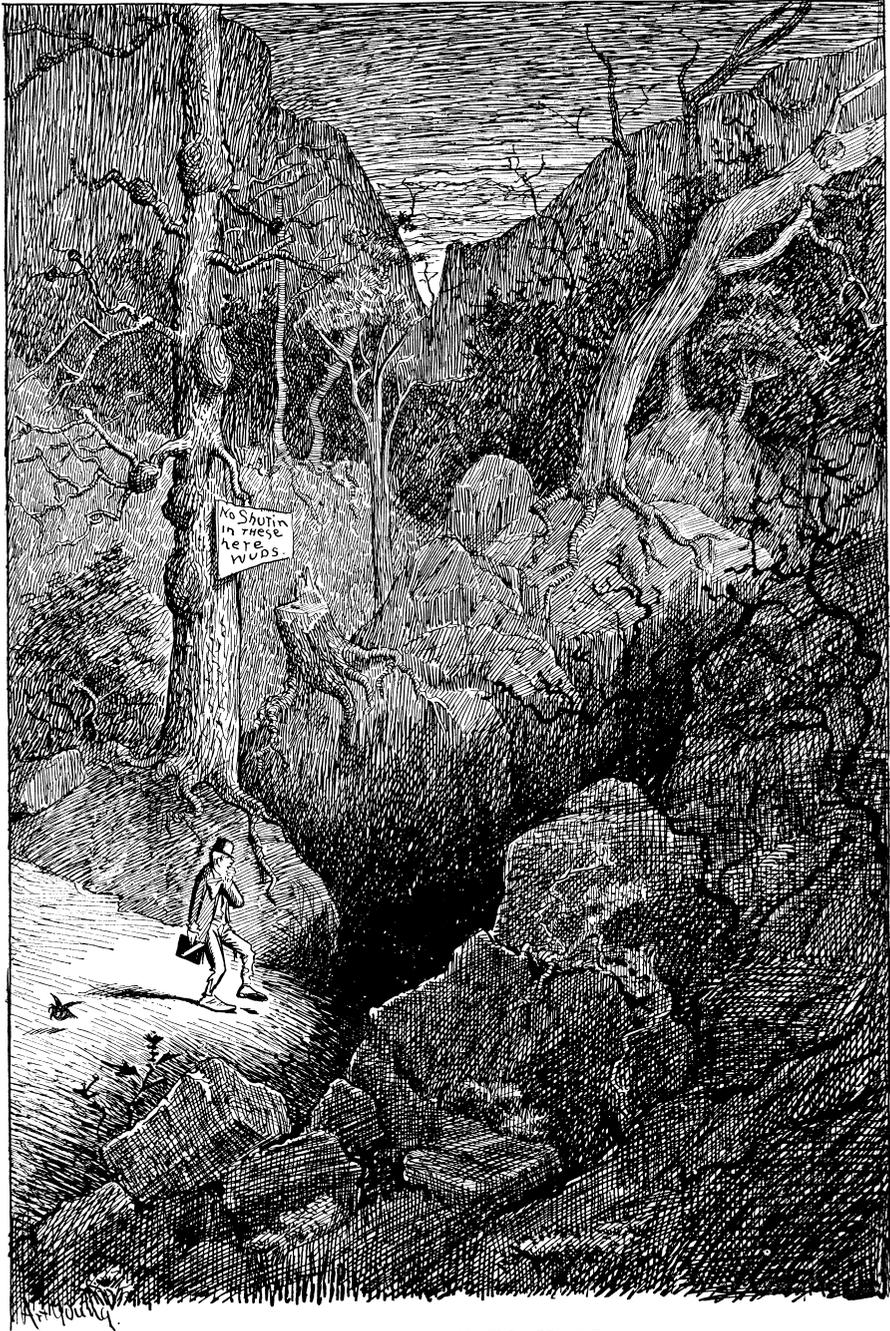
THE LATE MR. DANTE, OF ITALY.

[From a picture supposed to have been made just after his return from the Infernal Regions.]



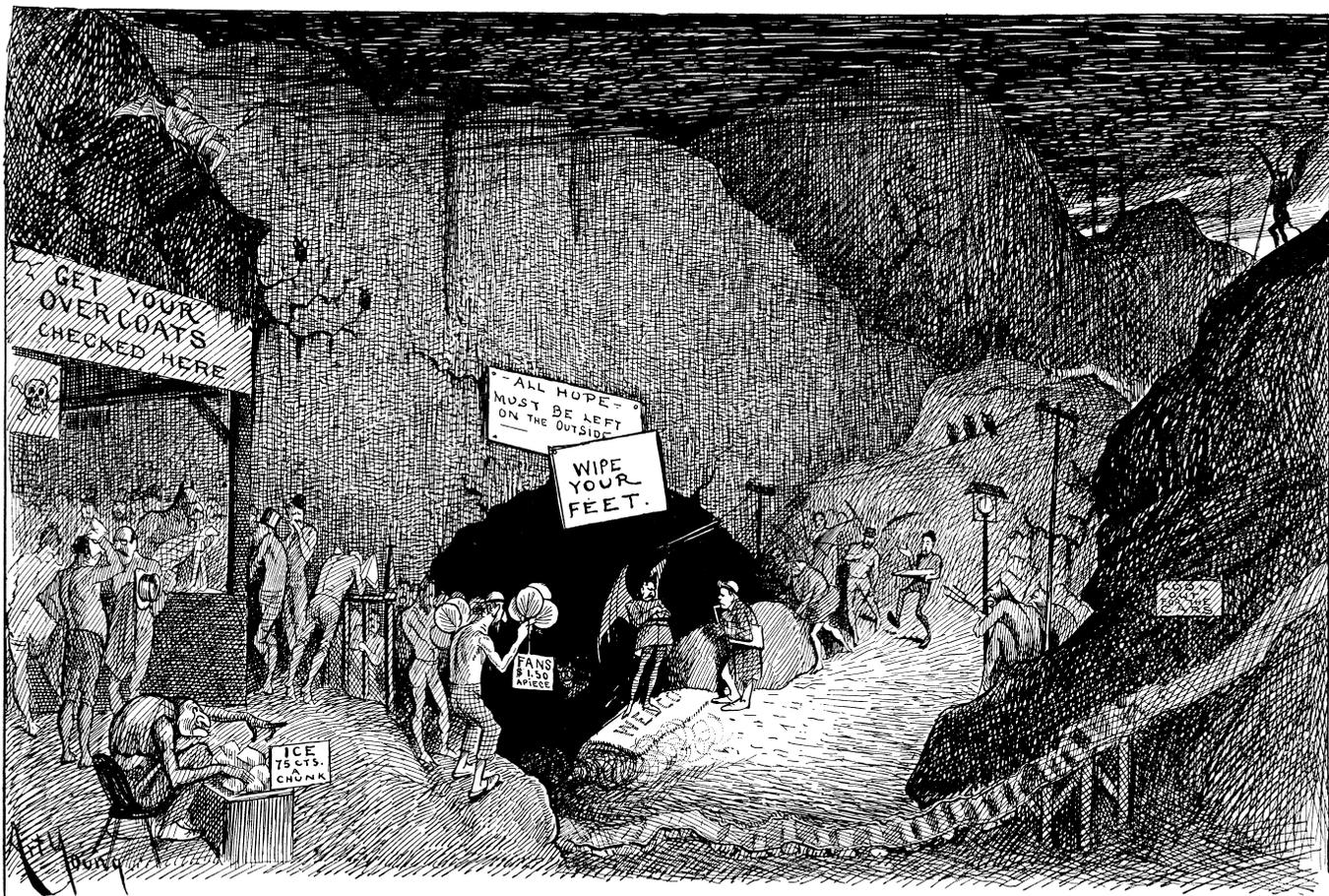
MR. DANTE'S SUCCESSOR FALLS OFF A FAST-MOVING TRAIN.

"Overhead a ghostly night-wind ploughed through the tree-tops and wailed and sobbed like a lost spirit."



ON THE WAY TO HELL.

"Down through the curdled gloom I wandered."



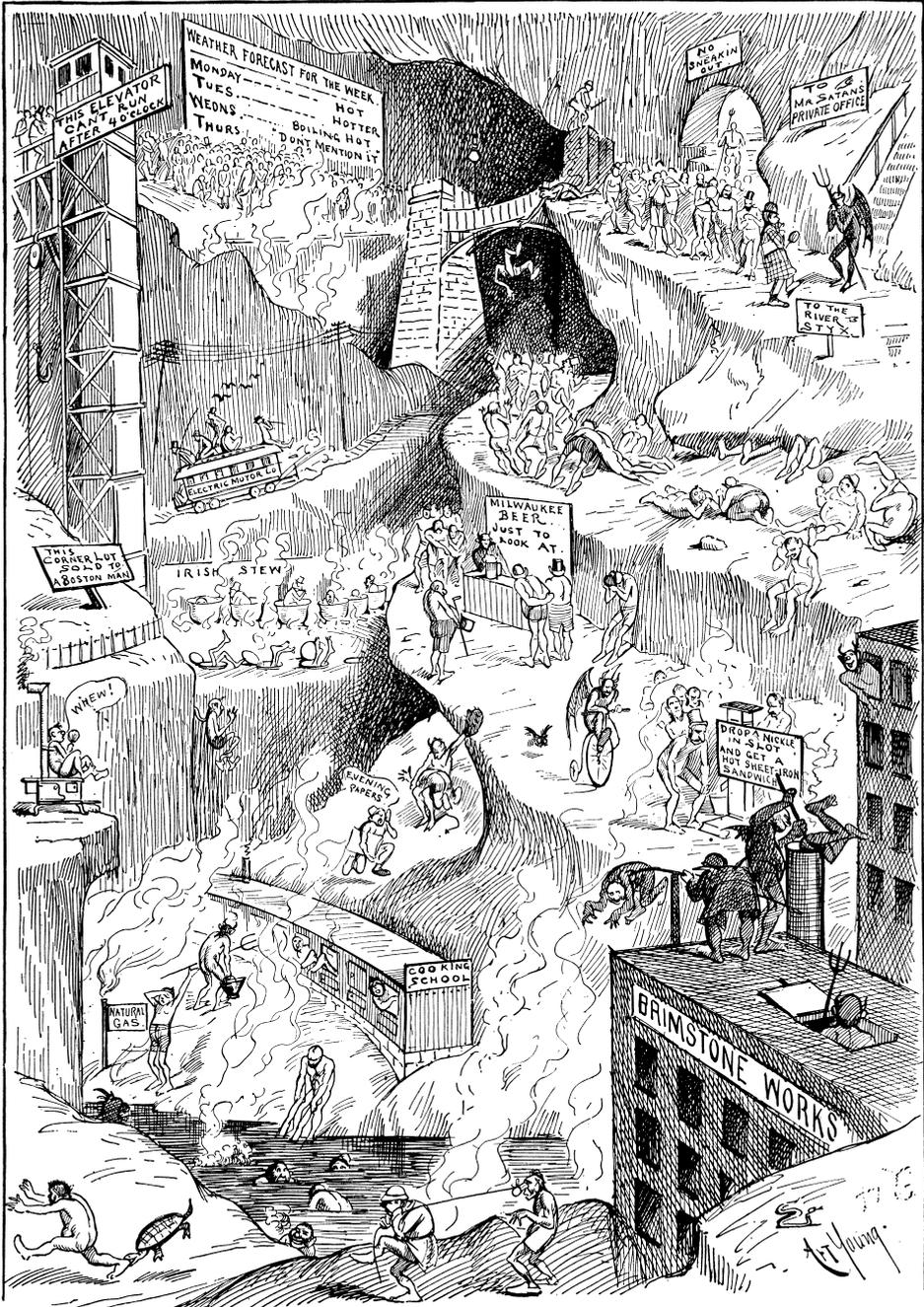
THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

"I resolutely repressed all fears and passed down to the entrance."



THE REGISTER.

"Where they wrote their names and addresses in a large book."



A VIEW FROM SATAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

## Hell up to Date.



I HAD been assigned by the managing editor of an Eastern journal to “write up” an illustrated article upon the “typical American city.” It was at the time when there was an obvious yearning on the part of the public for articles relating to a large Western metropolis which typified, more than any other, the true spirit of modern progress.

I was told to note particularly this city’s modern improvements—the cable lines, the high buildings, its system of electric intercourse between man and man, the character of its people and their business enterprise. Above all, I was to treat them with absolute fairness.

At about 8 o’clock on the evening of the second day of my journey from the East I went to the dining-car and ate a hearty meal—a meal of the kind that incites a feeble stomach to rise and mutiny. Coming back, I sat down and began

reading a favorite book, which I had brought to while away the time. The book was Dante’s “Inferno.” Often I had scanned its artful illustrations by Doré, but never had I read the verse. I now read canto after canto of the Florentine poet’s tales about the condemned souls. After the story of Paola and Francesca, interest no longer held me, and I closed the book, leaned back and began to muse over all that I had read. Then I thought of my assignment, how I would treat the subject, and what I would sketch. What with thoughts of modern buildings, of cable roads, of arch-heretics in their fiery tombs, of slot-machines and gibbering ghosts, of swift-running elevators and headless spirits, of electric lights and Adam’s evil brood gulping the blood of Styx, my mind was truly in a chaotic state. Easily these thoughts mingled



and wove themselves as I drowsily cast all else from me and gave myself over to the mercies of a nightmare dream.

Methought——

I was taken off my guard as the train came to a curve in the track, and suddenly found myself lying prone by the roadside. On either side there stretched a trackless forest, a screaming wilderness, a wild desolation. Overhead a ghostly night wind ploughed through the tree-tops and wailed and sobbed like a lost spirit. Amidst a whizzing of unseen bats and the hoots of melancholy owls, I arose, and, combing the gravel out of my auburn locks, set forth in a southeasterly direction. Through briars and bushes, over prickly plants and vines that laced together like a tangled knot of serpents, down deep chasms and black ravines, I stumbled toward The Unseen. When my emotion had abated a little I found myself alone in the heart of a forest whose trees were so thickly crowded together that the air was dense and hard to breathe.

Down through the curdled gloom I wandered, clambering over huge rocks till I came to a projecting precipice, from which I peered and discerned a dim light through the steam and smoke that arose sluggishly from below.

Presently I heard indistinct voices. As I crawled down lower, words became audible. "Show your tickets!" "There! Stop crowdin'!" "Git off the platform!" and other exclamations came to my ears.

What can all this mean? Am I dreaming? Smells like sulphur! What's that black hole? Those men with wings? What—and then it dawned like a revelation. This is the Hell of Dante. Hades! Think of it! I'll interview Satan. What a scoop! And I nearly lost my hold on the rock at the thought of such an opportunity.

"Ice seventy-five cents a chunk! Fans very cheap!" What a pandemonium!

Still I clambered downward, trying each moment to increase my speed (a desire which is said to take hold of any one who once starts toward Hell), apparently urged on by an irresistible impulse.



MR. SATAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

"'Howdy, Sate,' said I, with an attempt at bravado."

At last I swung out from an overhanging rock, and dropped. A terrible howl went up as I fell in the midst of a throng of demons, fakirs and employes of the realm.

I rushed into an animated crowd to the left of the entrance, chased by swift-footed demons. Here, fortunately, I was lost to my tormentors.

I looked about to see what this heterogeneous throng might be.

They were new arrivals. They had just whirled in on the last train and were getting overcoats checked, and making such final preparations as would best suit them for this sudden change of climate. This last privilege is allowed to all.

As it seemed to be the proper thing, I accordingly set about "trying on," and, finally, found a suit which, though falling far short of enhancing my charms, seemed quite good enough for the place.

Then purchasing a palm-leaf fan at a price which in any other country would have made it a prohibited luxury, I resolutely repressed



all fears and passed down to the entrance. Over the portal's lofty arch were written those terrible words:

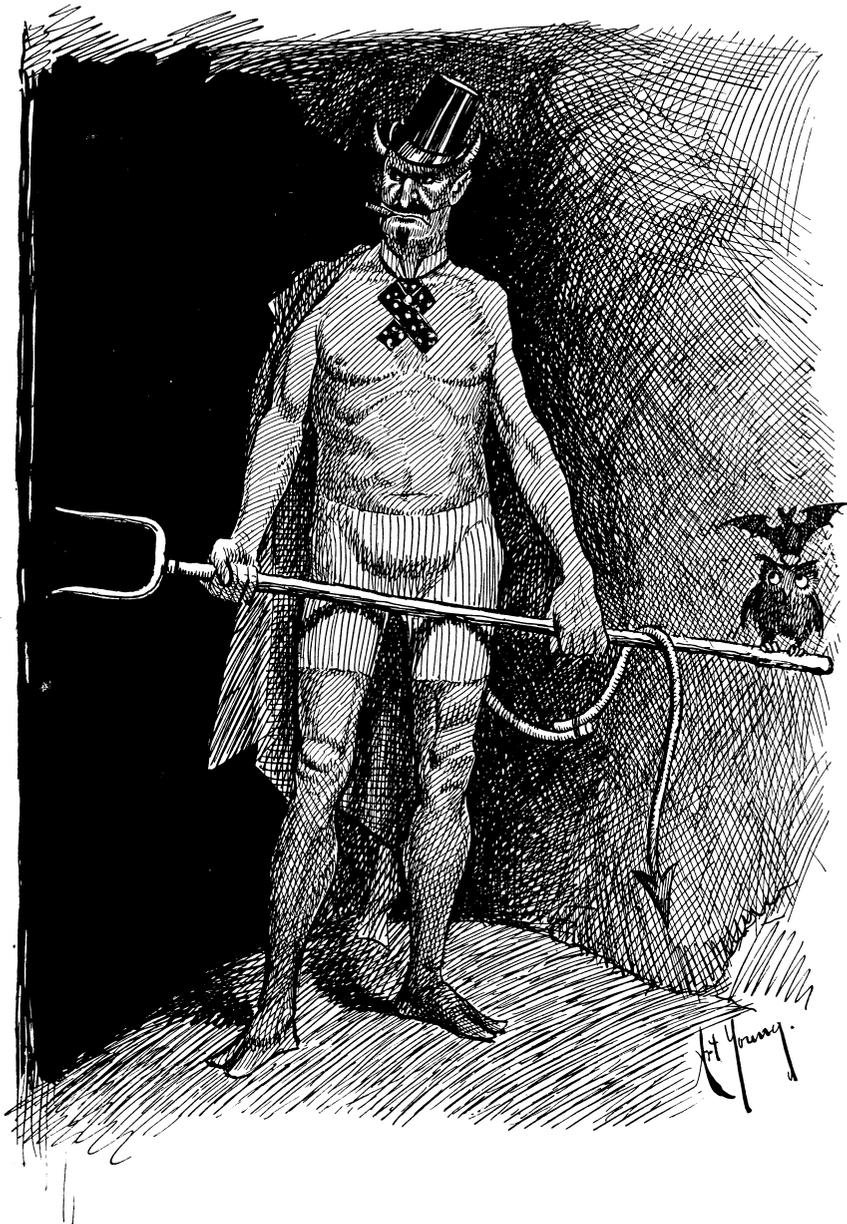


"LEAVE ALL HOPE ON THE OUTSIDE."

This demand I would not entirely accede to. I kept a little. I thought I would need it later on.

A kind of goblin-janitor stood at the entrance and expressed himself as opposed to my entering. I could not understand this, but have since come to the conclusion that the janitor thought I belonged to the other place. It was not till I told him that I had a letter of introduction to Satan from a certain renowned skeptic that he acquiesced, and I walked down into the city of woe.

On passing through the outer corridor or cavern, a low mutter, as of thunder, which grew louder and louder as I advanced, shook the region. A train-load of souls came screaming through the gloom. I stepped aside and let them pass. They crossed a new cantilever suspension bridge and came to a



THE SO-CALLED ARCH-ENEMY OF MANKIND, HON. MR. SATAN.

[From a late photograph.]

stop. The passengers stepped out and were driven around to the place of registry, where they wrote their names and addresses in a large book.

This book is very interesting. It contains the autograph of every sin-soaked mortal that ever died.

Down in the corner, where tear-drops had stained the leaves a deep yellow, I recognized the familiar autograph of an old sinner and neighbor of mine who used to put ashes on his sidewalk where I wanted to skate. I tried to feel regretful for him, but I couldn't.

My first object was to see Mr. Satan, have an interview with him and, if possible, get a few hints on the whereabouts of the most interesting sights in his world-famed hot-bed of human woe.

After asking several hired demons with long pitchforks where I could find "the old man" (as they facetiously call him) and receiving no response, save rude jeers and quick thrusts at my anatomy, I concluded to hunt him myself.

- Following the direction of a signboard which

pointed toward a long, steep ascent of rugged rock, I was soon standing before an arched doorway where swung to the hot breeze the inscription:

"MR. SATAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE."

Here I paused a moment and debated in my mind as to the best method of procedure, whether to approach with abject humility and beg to be heard, or affect an air of jaunty familiarity. I decided to play the latter role, as best befitting the occasion, for has not some wise man written: "He who would grapple with the Devil must show a fearless front"?

I walked in.

"Howdy, Sate," said I, with an attempt at bravado.

He wheeled suddenly around in his big office chair. When his eyes fell on me and he had looked me all over he leaned back, and, with a look as if stupefied at the effrontery, said slowly:



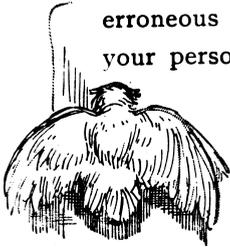
A DELECTABLE PASTIME.

"He escapes the grinding cares and worry of business very agreeably."

"Well, I'll be ——."

"Tell you how it is," said I, cutting him short, and walking up near to present my card. "I've just come down to look your place over. If everything is satisfactory I may settle here some time in the sweet by-and-by. You see, it's this way," I continued, shifting my position, and coaxing up a more serious expression; "there seems to be a wrong impression on earth as to just how your place is run. Since Mr. Dante wrote up the place it has been in very bad repute. People are not aware that you have introduced modern improvements and that your region has undergone a complete revolution. What you need is advertising, if you want an increase in business, say, six columns—illustrations, full length portrait of yourself, and such facts as will correct certain erroneous reports current in the world concerning your personality, and ——"

"Find a lump of ice and sit down," said he, "I'll attend to your case in a minute."



Then he turned away to answer a telephone call. As he did so, I heard him say something about the "arrogance and effrontery of those newspaper fellows."

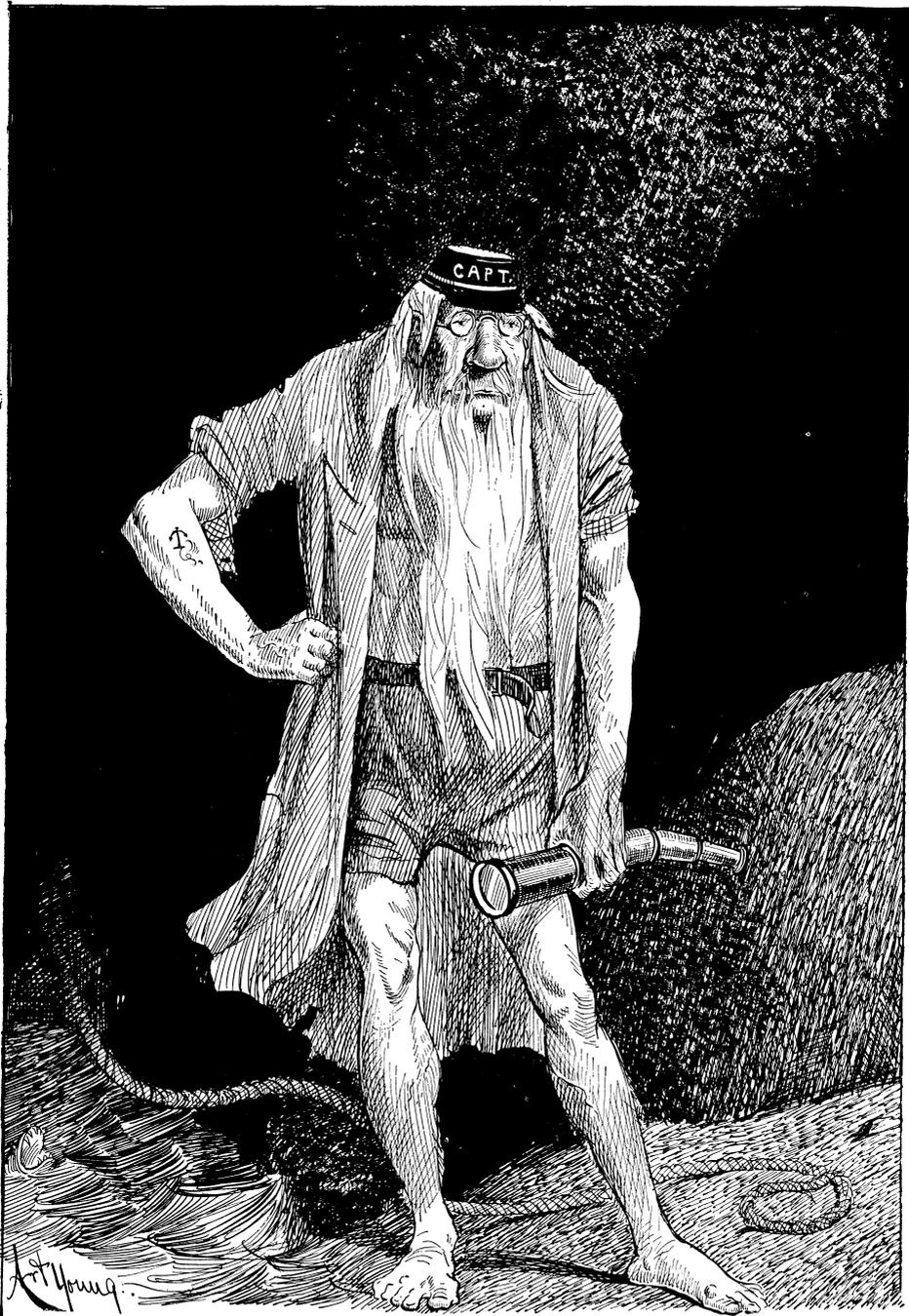
From the back window of his office I gazed down on a sweeping view of Hell, which now seemed raging with terrible fury.

Thousands of telegraph wires and pneumatic tubes diverged from this central office to all points in the region.

The merry tinkle of the typewriter could be heard in an adjoining room. Just opposite on a hill stood the great sulphur works.

As soon as he had discontinued the telephone conversation, which, I inferred from his questions and answers, was held with a woman in the female department who wanted a looking-glass to do up her hair, he turned his attention to me.

I give, with the exception of a few personal remarks, the whole of my interview with this notorious "arch-enemy of mankind."



CAPTAIN CHARON.

"A man to move the masses—by the boat-load."

“Mr. Satan,” said I, in a voice that would quaver, despite all efforts at bravery, “do you never worry over the thought that, some time, those Eastern capitalists may band together when they get here, grab up all your successful enterprises, form a trust and crowd you to the wall? It strikes me they could put in refrigerators, fire escapes, rotary fans, hand grenades, and make themselves pretty comfortable if they had control.”

“Now, young man,” said Mr. Satan, “come here to me.” And, seizing me by the cravat, he pulled me close to his desk and took down the telephone. “Give me four-aught-six,” he cried. A moment elapsed, and I heard a voice that suggested a boiled wind-pipe creep through the 'phone.

“Wha' d' you want?” said the voice.

“Is this the department of monopolists?” queried Mr. Satan.

“Yes, sir,” replied the voice.

“Now, young man,” said Mr. Satan, turning to me, “put your ear close to this telephone.” I obeyed.

“Hear that sizzling and sputtering like the noise of frying liver?” he asked.

“Well, I should say so!”

“Hear the groans?”

“Yes, yes.”

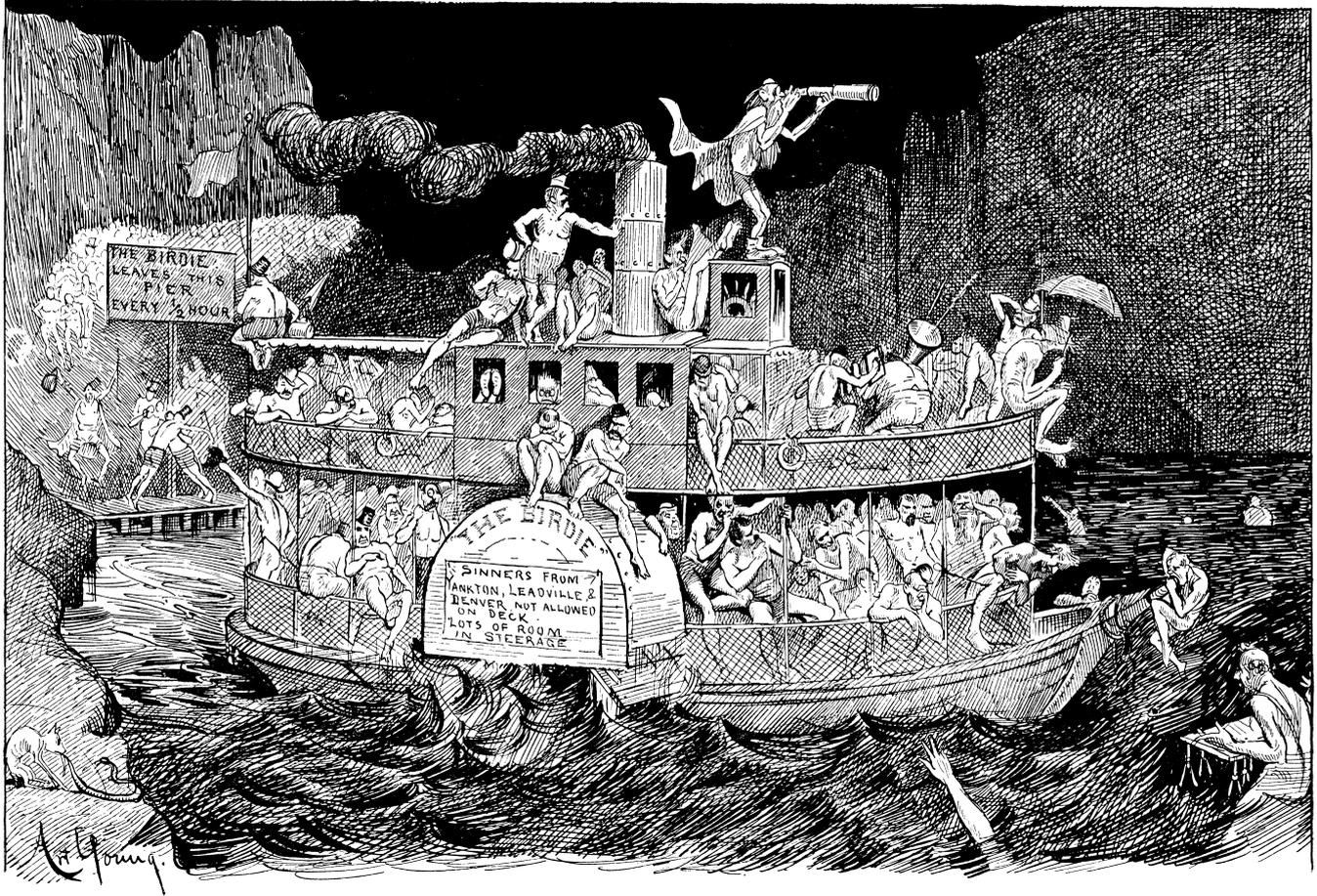
“Well, those are the capitalists who have come down here with the intention of running things. They changed their minds.” And Mr. Satan drew himself down in his coat collar and chuckled.

“Pretty hot down here,” said I, running my handkerchief around between my neck and collar.

“We don't have much sleighing weather, that's true,” he replied.

“I suppose,” I continued, “you run across any number of cranks—fellows with ideas for improving Hell.”

“Oh, yes, many of them. Some good ideas, too. Of course, improvements in the modes of punishment are offered—usually by individuals in whose bosoms the spirit of jealousy is still rankling; but that makes no difference to us so long as the



### CROSSING THE STYX

"It is, nevertheless, an impressive sight to watch the Birdie as she sails out from the pier."

invention is good. St. Louis people, for instance, come to me with ideas for punishing Chicagoans. Brooklyn people worry a great deal because they think New Yorkers don't get their just deserts. A short time ago an ingenious Yankee from somewhere down near Worcester got leave of absence from his punishment and came to me with an idea for a thermometer that would hop around and chase spirits. He had also designed a plan for a kind of battering-ram to punish a neighbor of his who had beaten him in a horse trade. He was sure he would be along soon, as he had been on the way to Hell for forty-six years."

"I see you have an electric railway down here," said I, looking out of the window.

"Sure," said his royal highness. "If you can sit on a cushion of sharp tacks you can ride on those electric cars all over the region; and yet," he continued, with a sudden melancholy, "and yet some people are dissatisfied."

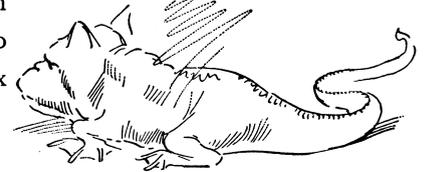
"Mr. Satan," said I, meantime keeping an eye on Cerberus, the three-headed dog, who sat wrink-

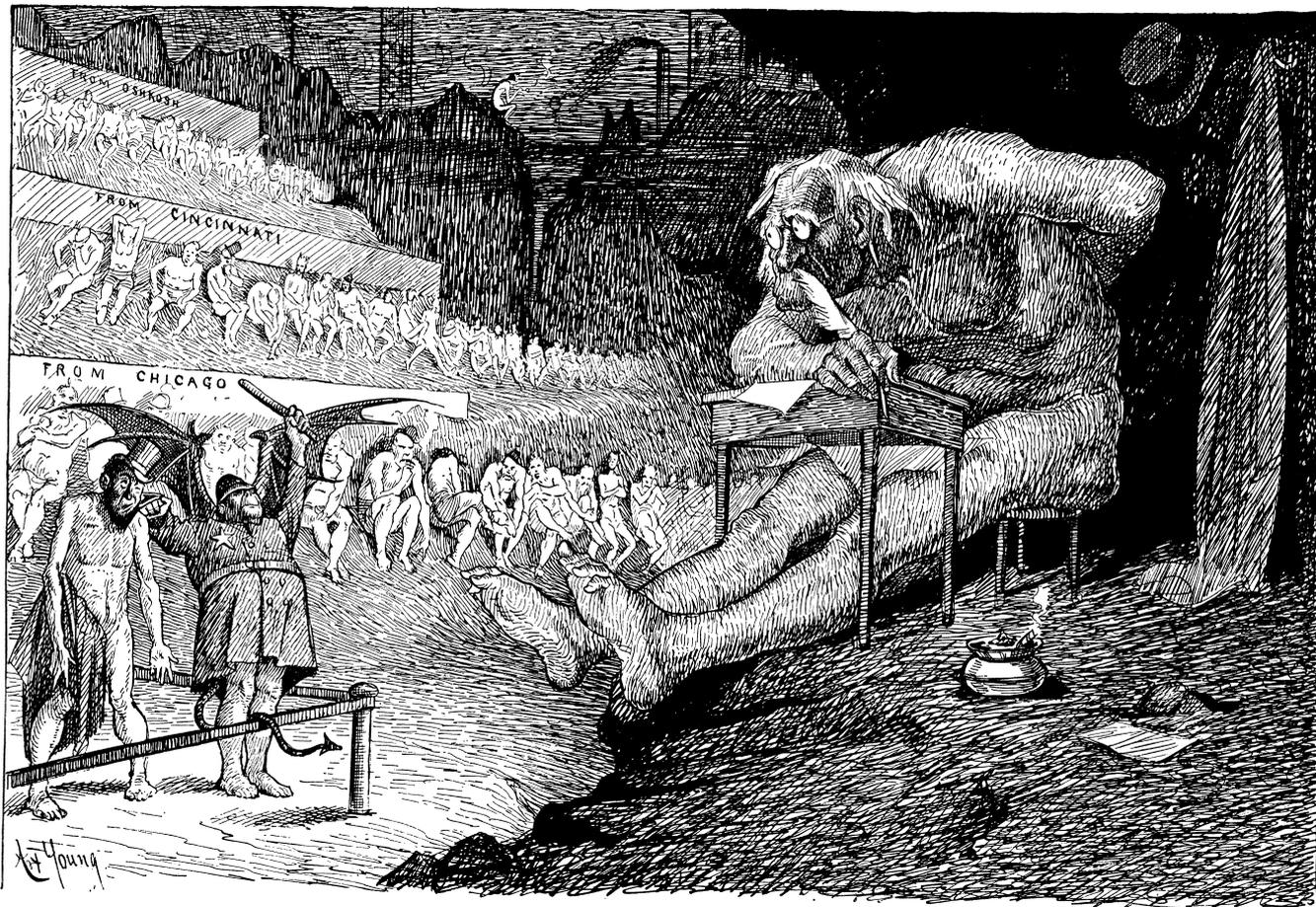
ling up his three noses in a way that made me ill at ease, "you certainly must keep up a lively interest in what is going on in Paradise. Suppose you have telegraphic connections?"

"Yes, sir, through line right to the gate."

"Then you are on terms of intimacy with St. Peter."

"Well, no, not exactly. You see, I would much prefer having one of my own men in charge at that end of the line. Now, this man St. Peter has been taking in tickets at the gate ever since time began, and he's grown careless. Why, I've heard of several instances where some of those sleek Denver people have sneaked in under the clouds while the old man was polishing his spectacles. Now, anybody can see that he is incompetent. However, he often sends me some splendid sinners. Only a short time ago he telegraphed down to know if I would take a Boston woman who had just arrived and was dissatisfied with the place. Not long ago he sent a party of six





JUDGE MINOS' COURT-ROOM.

"When the ill-fated soul stands before this Supreme Court he confesses all."

disgusted mortals who wouldn't stay in a place where the pleasure of playing whist was denied them. These are favors for which I am grateful, but it stands to reason that a man like St. Peter, old and gouty, with rheumatism in his wings and a faulty memory, should be placed on the pension list."



"They say on earth, Mr. Satan, that people from Texas always telegraph back for their winter clothes."

"Yes, that was true," he replied, "but we put a stop to it. We can't show favors to people from a state that has always tried to run in opposition to this place."

"Have you any such thing as a guide book?" I asked.

Mr. Satan here lifted a neat volume from his desk, remarking:

"Here is a little book I had printed for my employes. You will find it a great help to you in getting around. It contains a map of Hell with all the different departments located. But you

had better see Captain Charon, the pilot. He can give you some valuable information."

"Thank you," I said, putting on my hat.

After asking me about several of his friends in the United States Senate and the Wisconsin State Legislature, and expressing his earnest regrets that they didn't die faster, he arose, and I understood that the interview was at an end.

"Much obliged," said I. "Good day."

"So long," said Mr. Satan.

I took a good look at him as he stood there in all his majestic splendor. The "Devil," as I saw him, appeared to be above medium height, had horns, cloven feet, a long tail, and was dark of skin. But as some one else remarked: "He is not nearly as black as sometimes painted."

His tail, which, as I subsequently learned, was broken off in an exciting fight with a man who would get religion every winter and lose it every spring, had been spliced, and, judging from the dexterity with which he handled it, was as good as new.



THE POLITICAL CARICATURISTS.

"Looking down what appeared to be an interminable hallway, I saw caricatures in variegated colors."

He wears a shining high hat, buttons his coat on the wrong side and smokes cigarettes.

The fishing is not good in Hell. Consequently Mr. Satan never goes fishing. At times, however, he feels the need of a little recreation, and then he escapes the grinding cares and worry of business very agreeably. Leaving the office in the care of an understudy, he selects a long-handled frying-pan from the warehouse and takes a brisk walk of three miles to the lake of fire. A large crate filled to the brim with a varied assortment of sinners stands by this lake for Mr. Satan's private use. Mr. Satan opens the crate, removes one, puts him in the pan and toasts him over the fire, basting him meantime with tabasco sauce and vitriol. This is a pleasant pastime—for Satan.

As a shining example of the kind of men who, though brusque and coarse, have keen business qualities combined with deep, untiring zeal and a certain amount of magnetism, I would cite old Captain Charon, who began his career as ferryman

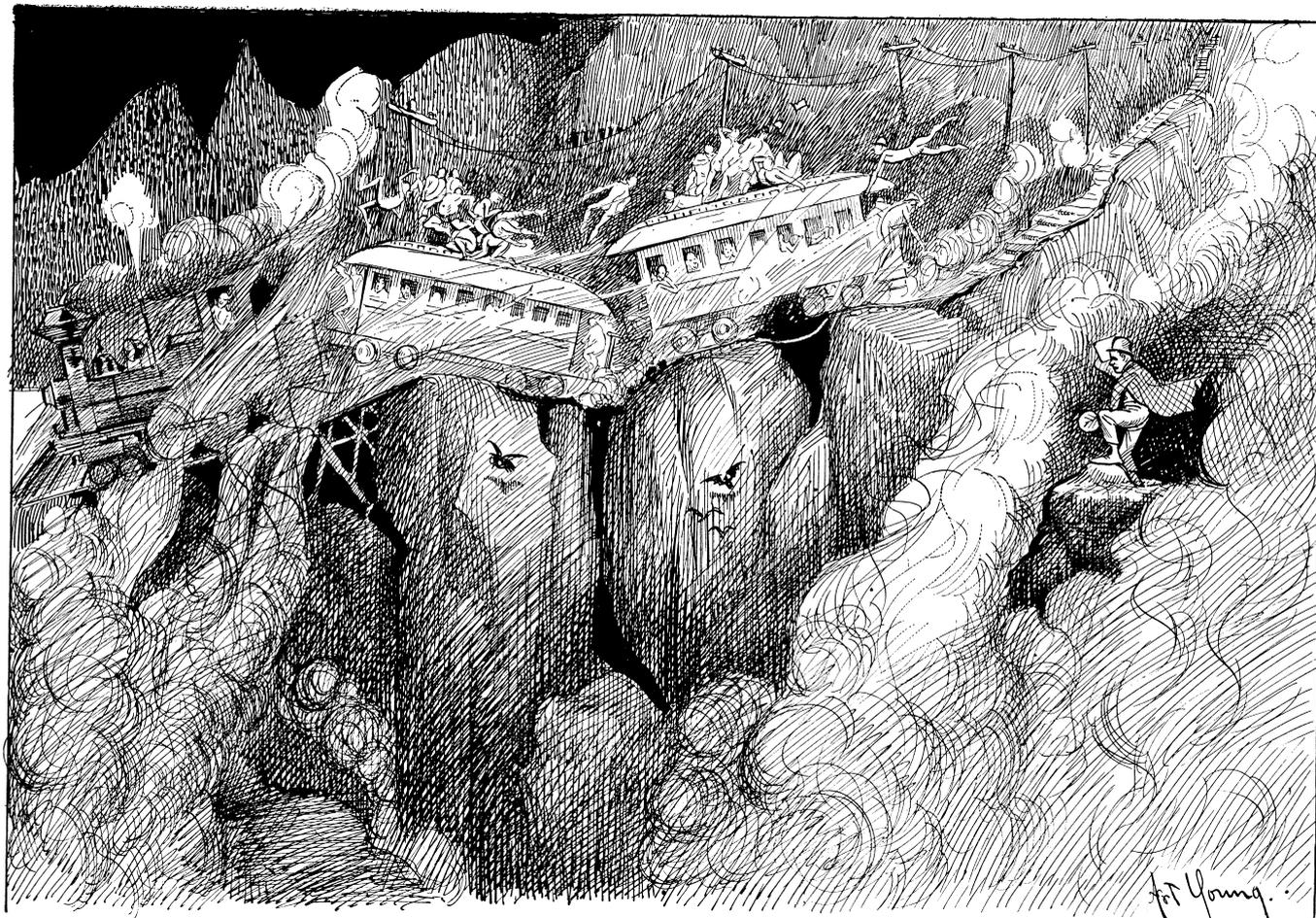
with a little tub of a row-boat, hardly large enough to hold a college professor, but who now runs a large side-wheeler, double-decked and fitted out with all modern improvements. The Captain is full of reminiscences and, withal, is one of the most interesting of the personages who lend their services to the welfare of this subterranean city. Towering up like a grotesque totem pole, some seven feet, with large, pliable features, a yard or more of wind-kissed whiskers, a mouth as firm as a steel trap, and a voice (though tainted with a Bowery accent) loud and deep, he certainly is a man to move the masses, and he *does* move them—by the boat-load.

I met the Captain at the boat-landing as his craft was taking on a load of passengers.

"Mr. Charon, I believe," said I, walking up after he had finished giving orders to a deck-hand.

"That's me name," he roared. Methought I had never heard such a voice before.

"Well," I murmured, modestly, "Mr. Satan said I had better have a talk with you. Now, will



THE LIMITED EXPRESS.

"They had a hard time hanging on."

you tell me, Captain, how long you have been piloted down here?"

He paused a minute and answered, "Ever since dey had de opening—about de year one, I should tink."

"Then you've piloted a great many people across this river."

"Yer dead right."

"Don't you find them hard to manage sometimes?"

"Well, yer see it's dis way: If dey don't like our style dey gits out and swims; see? De blokes from Minneapolis won't ride wid de St. Paul fellers, so dey knows what dey can do." Then he rambled on in his ingenuous way, and told me how they found it necessary to put sinners from Yankton, Cheyenne, Leadville, Laramie City and Walla Walla down in the steerage, where they could forget what cuspidors are for and swear with impunity.

There is every evidence that the Captain is sick of his job. The harrow of care has cross-

hatched his weather-beaten face with innumerable furrows.

When he moved about he would keep close to a rail or rock, that he might feel in touch with something of firmer substance than himself.

"Captain," said I, "I don't want to detain you, but will you tell me what slow-moving, bewhiskered crowd that is, coming down this way?" He leveled his telescope in the direction of the throng. "Dem's St. Louis fellers," he said. "We've had tree boat-loads of nothin' but St. Louis people in de las' week."

As he stepped toward the gang-plank, about to ascend, it was plain to me that existence had but few charms for him.

The Captain has an enviable reputation in Hell as the keenest observer of any of Satan's trusted employes. It is said no one has ever yet walked the gang-plank of his boat whose earthly home was not known by his personal appearance, though many of the new immigrants refused to disclose their identity.





NO HILARITY AMONG THE TAILORS.

"A place where the thermometer continually overleaps all laws of decorum."

I gathered from one of the pier policemen, who is also quite an adept, a few hints as to how the Captain identifies people so easily.

The Boston man will toe-in and roll his spectacled eyes like a calf that has swallowed a summer squash.

Brooklyn men wear side-whiskers and walk with their arms outstretched, as if in the act of wheeling spectral baby-carriages.

Those from Vermont, and, more particularly, those from Rutland, of that State, invariably give themselves away by saying, "This is turrrible, this is turrrible," with an accent on the "tur" and a deep nasal twang.

New York City folks are easily recognized by their air of conscious superiority.

Men from Portland, Oregon, keep their boots on and swear fervently all the time.

Rochester men have a hen-pecked look, and seem apathetic. Apparently they don't care much whether they are in Hell or back home.

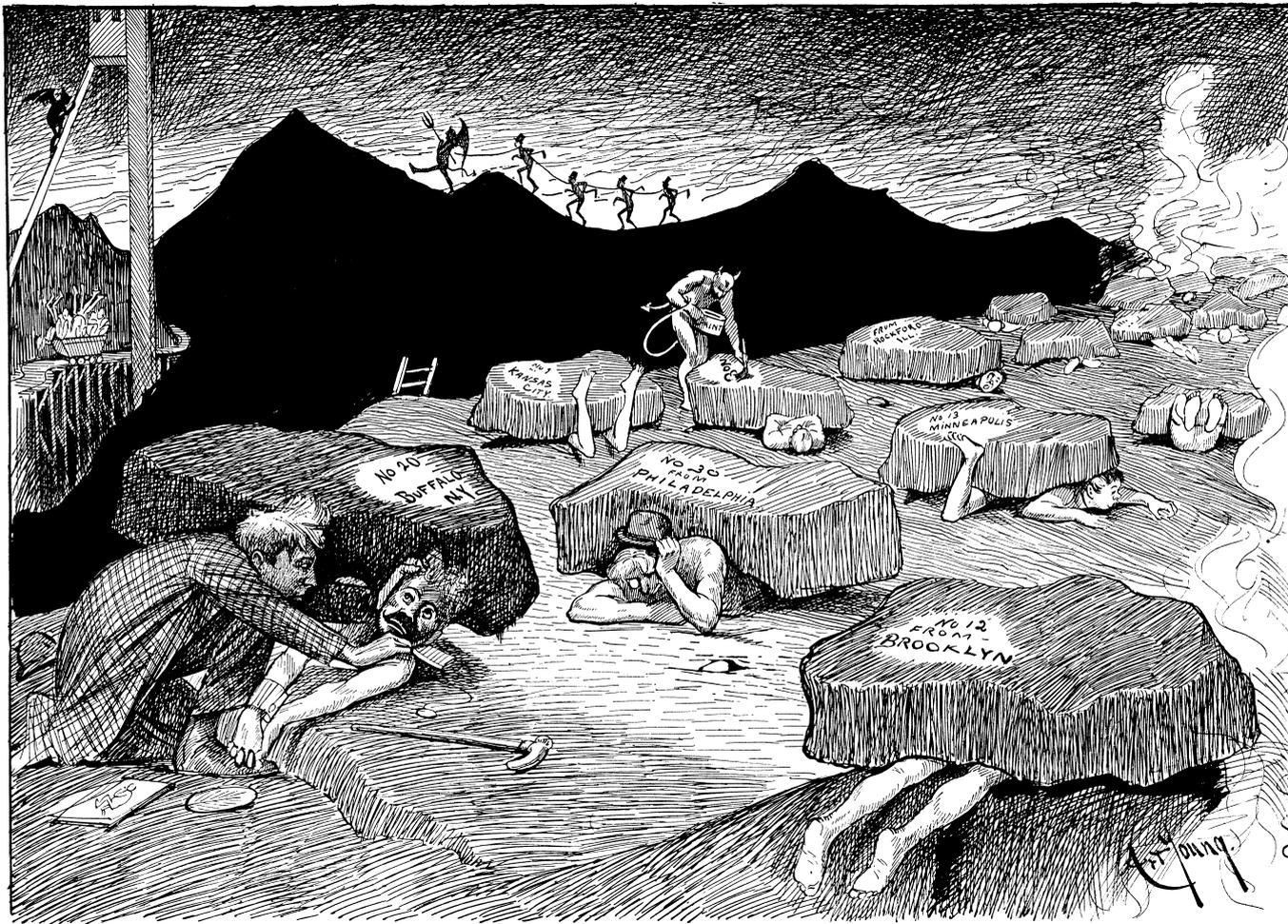
Chattanooga men have to be shaken up and prodded every minute, or they fall asleep.

A man from Texas will keep his hand behind him, as if to draw a pistol.

Washington men walk around with an anxious look, and ask everybody if all the sinecures of the place have been spoken for.

And thus the life's habit of each individual breaks out in some way and plainly stamps his identity.

The Styx is the only navigable river in Hell. The stench wafted from this river was best described by a sinner whom I met on the pier. He said: "It smells to Heaven." From Inferno to Paradise is a long way, but this odor is equal to it. Captain Charon's boat, the "Birdie," makes the run from shore to shore in just fifteen minutes. It carries five hundred souls, provided they will let their feet hang over, and put up with cramped accommodations. On board is an orchestra of two pieces—a bass horn and an accordeon, which emits sorrowful wails that echo and re-echo through the region, curling up the doomed at every echo; indeed, no torture in Hell is quite so poignant as that



DOWN AMONG THE MASHERS.

“ ‘ Now, be dumb,’ said I. ‘ I have your name.’ ”

provided by this band when it gets fairly in motion. The players have only one selection—"After the Ball"—and the cries of the damned, while this is being played, are heart-rending. It is, nevertheless, an impressive sight to watch the "Birdie" as she sails out from the pier, the band playing lustily, and the grand old Captain standing on the roof of the pilot-house, with nothing on but a mackintosh and a pair of gaiters, as he scans the bosom of the deep. He is much annoyed when peddlers come wading out to meet the boat with suspenders and collar-buttons.

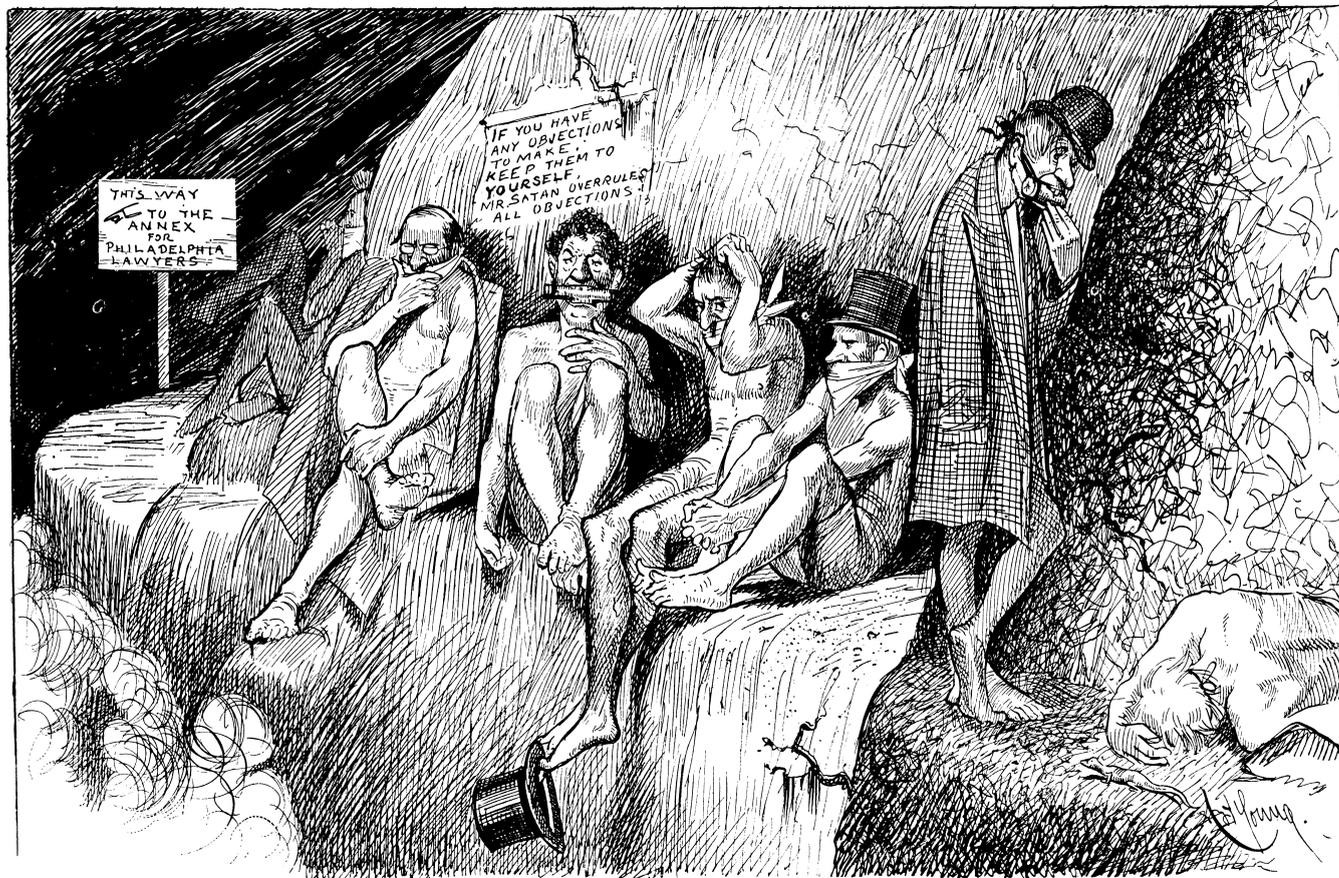
I now came suddenly to the tragic scene where Judge Minos reigns supreme. Here each sinner is brought before the bar, to answer for his earthly crimes. Far up the mountain side, arranged directly in front of the Judge, in rows of hundreds, and extending as far as the human eye could reach, was the vast army of naked souls awaiting their turn to be judged. Below was a row from Chicago; next, a row from Cincinnati; another row was reserved for people from Oshkosh; another,

for those from Kalamazoo. Still others surmounted these, extending upward, tier on tier, till the murk of the fog cloud kissed the bald heads of a row from the little city of Ephratah, Pennsylvania. When the ill-fated soul stands before this supreme court, he confesses all—aye, everything—and the Judge thoughtfully considers what place in Hell suits the transgression. A small, weak kneed sinner was led mumbling to trial as I approached. "Well, what have you to say?" asked the Judge, in a loud, consequential tone of voice.

"Yer Honor," said the poor wretch, "I'll be honest with you. I was, while on earth, traveling for a——"

"Enough said," growled the Judge. "Officer, take this drummer to the brink of the precipice, and hurl him plumb to the bottom." . . . Shortly afterward, I heard a crash. I knew that one more soul had struck the frying-pan of eternal doom.

[NOTE.—Judge Minos, according to Dante, at one time had a peculiar method of administering justice. In the fifth canto of "The Divine Comedy" the author describes how the renowned Judge would encircle himself with his long, arrow-pointed tail, as many times as degrees he wished the sinner to descend. This quiet though unique way of informing a man of his fate worked all right for



THE LAWYERS.

"No plaint was heard here; nothing but deep-heaved sighs."



THE INVENTOR OF THE BARB-WIRE FENCE.

ordinary malefactors; but the Judge found himself utterly impotent to express in this way the depths to which he would have such as "chronic kickers" consigned.

To sentence these, he would take in all the slack, pull and wind and pull and pull till exhausted. It is said his "sentence pronouncer" was broken off in this way. Too much strain. At any rate, he is now "minos" (comic papers please note) a tail, and administers justice according to modern methods.

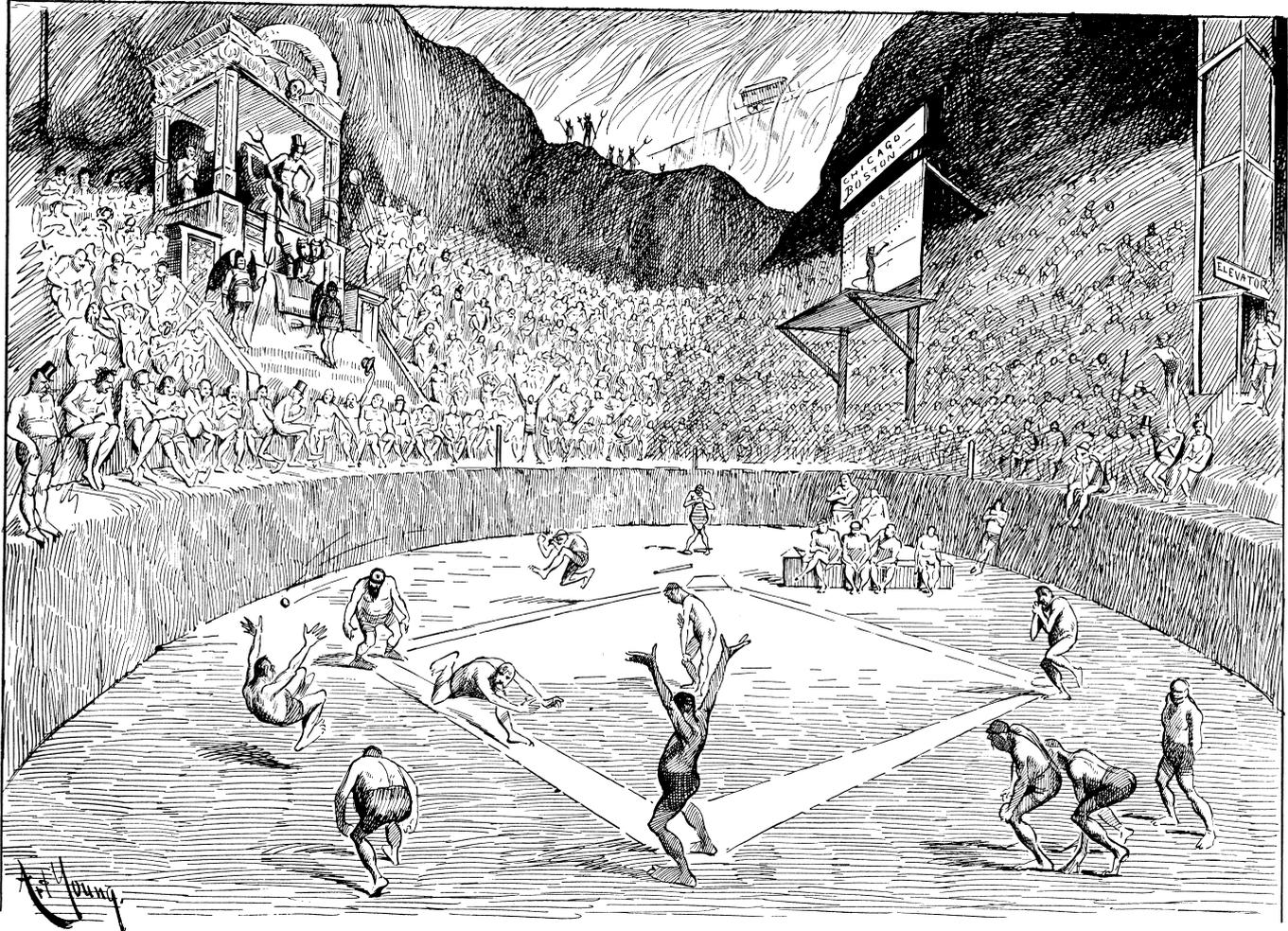
Just across the bridge of the Lethe there lies a small territory where may be found the wretched souls of the political caricaturists.

On first sight I was attracted by the novelty of huge easels at which demons were drawing pictures.

The souls themselves I found, on approaching closer, to be strangely distorted, and so grotesque and ludicrous that I might have laughed outright had not deep pity moved me to serious thought.

Looking down what appeared to be an interminable hallway, I saw caricatures in variegated colors hanging before these individuals.

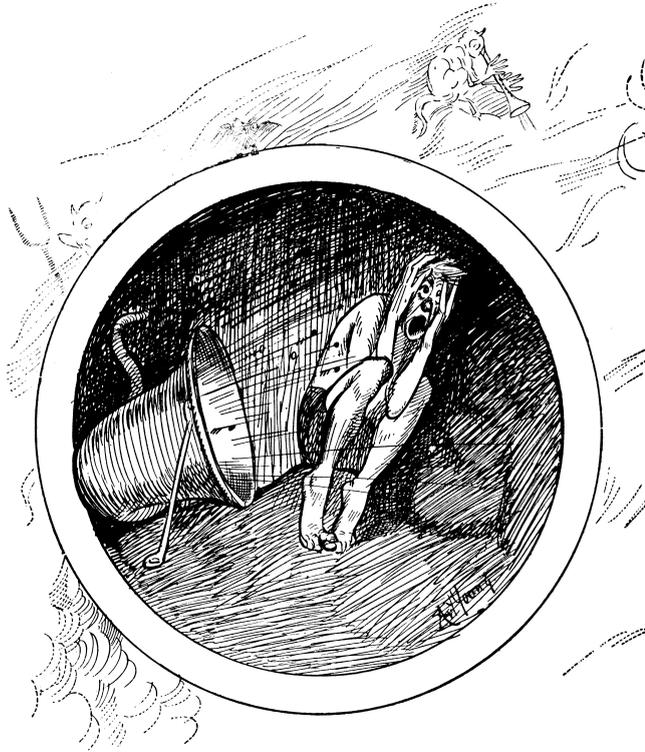
Then only I learned the piteous truth. The demon cartoonist first makes a caricature of his victim; then the victim is pulled and twisted, rolled and kneaded, until he resembles in every way the demon's fanciful conception. Through all time thereafter he looks at his own picture.



A BALL GAME.

"Never, until this time, had the sinners known a single hour's respite from torture."

*THE LIMITED EXPRESS.*



HE PLAYED THE CORNET.

As I still journeyed downward, I looked up and beheld, coming down the steep grade of a most uncomfortable-looking corduroy road, a train-load of howling souls. The engine yelled as if it were being tortured, and the owls on the telegraph wires flapped their wings and darted off in all directions. The coaches were crowded to overflowing, for those who did not arrive early and avoid the rush had to sit on the roof, where they had a hard time hanging on. As soon as the terrible noise had died away, I collected my senses and stumbled on down the rocks, preferring this method of descent to taking an elevator. I wanted to see everything.

This train, I afterward learned, was the limited express, which makes flying trips to the bottomless pit, carrying all sorts of sinners, from "the man who goes out between the acts at the theater" to real estate sharks.

Hard by sat the man who is responsible for the treacherous barb-wire fence, which now covers the otherwise free country of America. His lot is not



KEY-HOLE REPORTERS.

“Like patient oxen in their stalls.”

THE LAZY MAN AT WORK.

“A task of perpetual shoveling.”



THE UMBRELLA BORROWER.

a pleasant one. He sits forever on his own fence and fritters away the spare moments thinking of what might have been.

Off in a corner, all by himself, seated on the point of a ridge, I discovered this infamy of human kind, the cornet fiend. There the malefactor cowered, while at his side a huge horn belched forth such Wagnerian noises as nearly stunned the senses. At the mouth-piece of the horn, demons worked a huge bellows. Eternally, forever and aye they pumped, while the brass Vesuvius poured forth job-lot sonatas and the wretch vainly wished for deafness.

Sometimes I would catch a strain from "The Carnival of Venice," sometimes a few notes from "The Maiden's Prayer," and again a little wad from "Johnny, Get Your Gun." It would seem that any one of these melodies, played singly and alone, would have been torture enough for one poor soul. Played together in a grand free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can pot-pourri, it was simply horrible. I turned and wept.



THE EDITORS.

“No wonder these baskets of human-kind heave and toss.”

Nothing, it seems, is too severe for the man who will steal, and particularly the man who takes your umbrella and never brings it back. Chained to a barren rock in the middle of a mud lake I saw this fiend sit, mired in misery, as it were, while he clutched the remnant of an umbrella and the rain descended in torrents.

It rains all sorts of things—cats, worms and snakes. A crash of thunder is a signal for a shower of pitchforks, and the poor wretch humps himself, even as a cow heaves her spine, to meet the down-pouring deluge. When this storm gets through with him he resembles a huge pincushion.

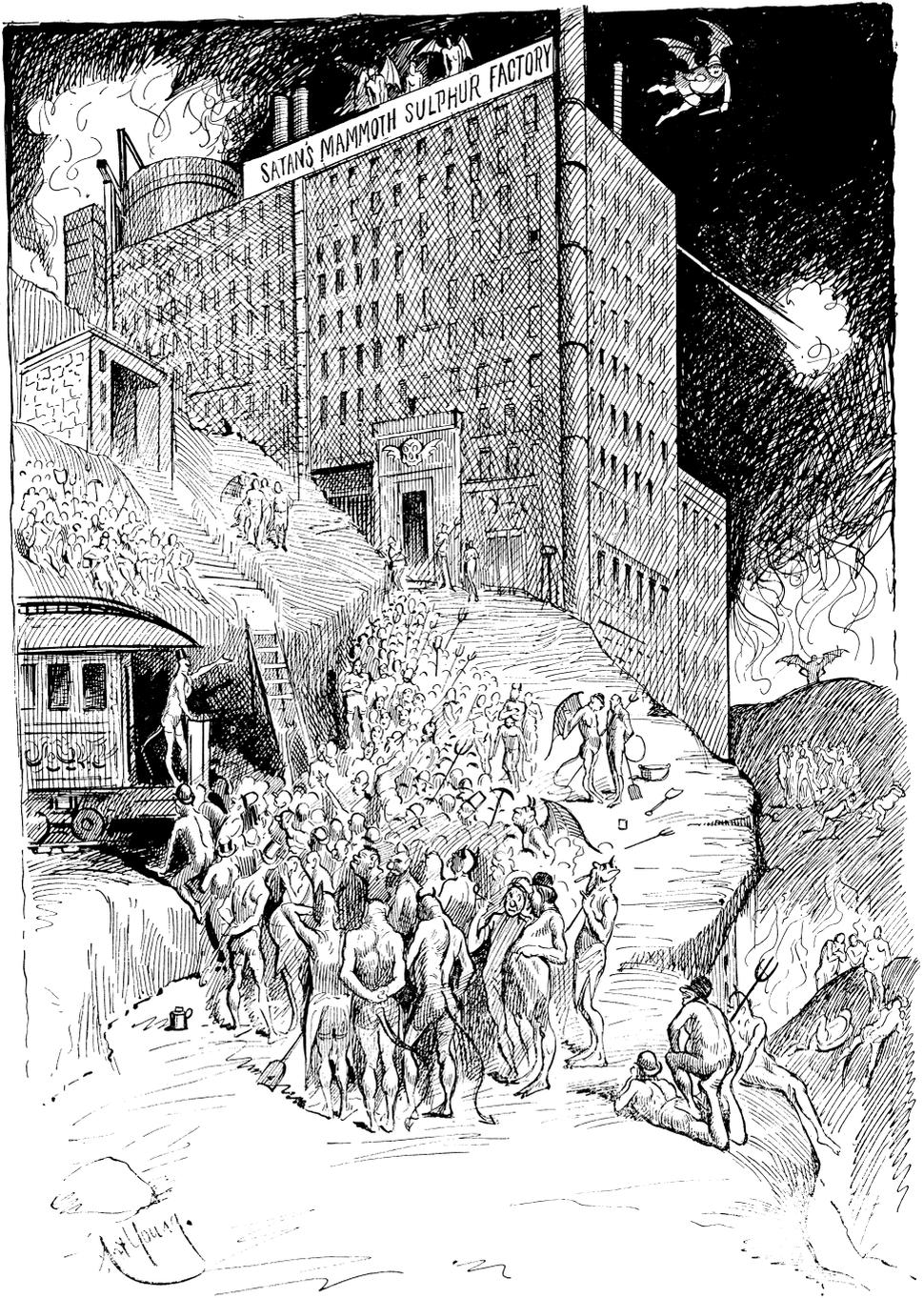
According to the imperial mandate of infernal law, the husband who purchases fine apparel for himself only is here dressed up in a most ridiculous female costume. Thus he is compelled to appear always, and, although he goes around forever whining about his personal attire, his efforts to get a change are without avail. He is the laughing-stock and tantalized target of the wit and ridicule of all Hell.

Why one of this class of sinners, tagged from the little city of Kokomo, Indiana, was singled out as an especially fine mark for the demons, I could not understand. But could this class of malefactors still on earth hear the gruesome growls and exasperating jeers of these demons as they poked this soul in the ribs, it would serve as an effective warning.

The belief has been held by a large number of gentlemen that tailors make bad-fitting clothes just out of pure deviltry. The theory is in some degree corroborated by the amount of space and attention given to these individuals in Hell.

In one of the hottest locations in the region—a place where the thermometer continually overleaps all laws of decorum—these tailors fume and steam, attired in their own misfits.

I stood on a red-hot iron bridge just as long as I could, gazing down on this sweltering throng, for they were very interesting. Finally one of the number, on seeing me, tore madly through the crowd, waving a bill over his head. I knew what that meant, and fled.



SATAN ADDRESSING THE STRIKERS.

"Why this seething dissatisfaction?"



THE SELFISH HUSBAND.

Through a dark pathway I now entered into the department where the professional “ mashers ” are punished. These “ mashers ” (or “ dudes,” if you prefer), who habitually stand on street corners and ogle pretty girls, are here given a taste of “ mashing ” as Mr. Satan interprets it. Under huge flat rocks these wretches lie and feebly flounder, while the haunted air rings with their despondent murmurs.

Most of them were still quite young; excessive cigarette-smoking had smoothed their paths to an early grave.

Being struck by the familiarity of a pair of moony eyes that rolled upward as I approached, I stooped down, and, grabbing the shade by a tuft of front hair, cried: “ Tell me, aren’t you the Rochester dude that used to stand at the ‘ four corners ’ and insult modest maidenhood? What’s your name?” He made no reply. I shook him again and again, until he yelled. A dude from Philadelphia, lying hard by, on hearing the noise, thereupon cried out to him, calling him by his full



A CLUMSY BALLET.

"Each dances in his own peculiar way."



name, and asking what was the matter. "Now, be dumb," said I. "I have your name." And I shook him again at parting. Near him were mashers from Brooklyn and Philadelphia. Down the embankment, a little way removed, I found a dapper little flirt from Utica, New York. I counted no less than twenty-five who hailed from Saratoga. Passing still downward, I beheld a woebegone spirit with a gloomy malformation of banged brow, from Hartford, Connecticut. Only his head protruded from underneath his weight of woe, while his pretty mouth bit the dust like a hysterical woman gnawing a lace handkerchief.

"I say," he cried, beckoning me to his side. "Is my necktie on straight?" I hurried on and said not a word.

The next soul I discovered enjoying the luxuries of Hell was a certain unfeeling dentist of my acquaintance. It was the very man who had, a few years ago, pulled me all over a new set of plush furniture, down two flights of stairs and back again, in a frantic endeavor to extract a tooth that I insisted didn't need extracting. I simply looked up



A REBUKE TO GORMANDIZING.

"One whose fate seemed, after all, hardly zdequate to his great fault."

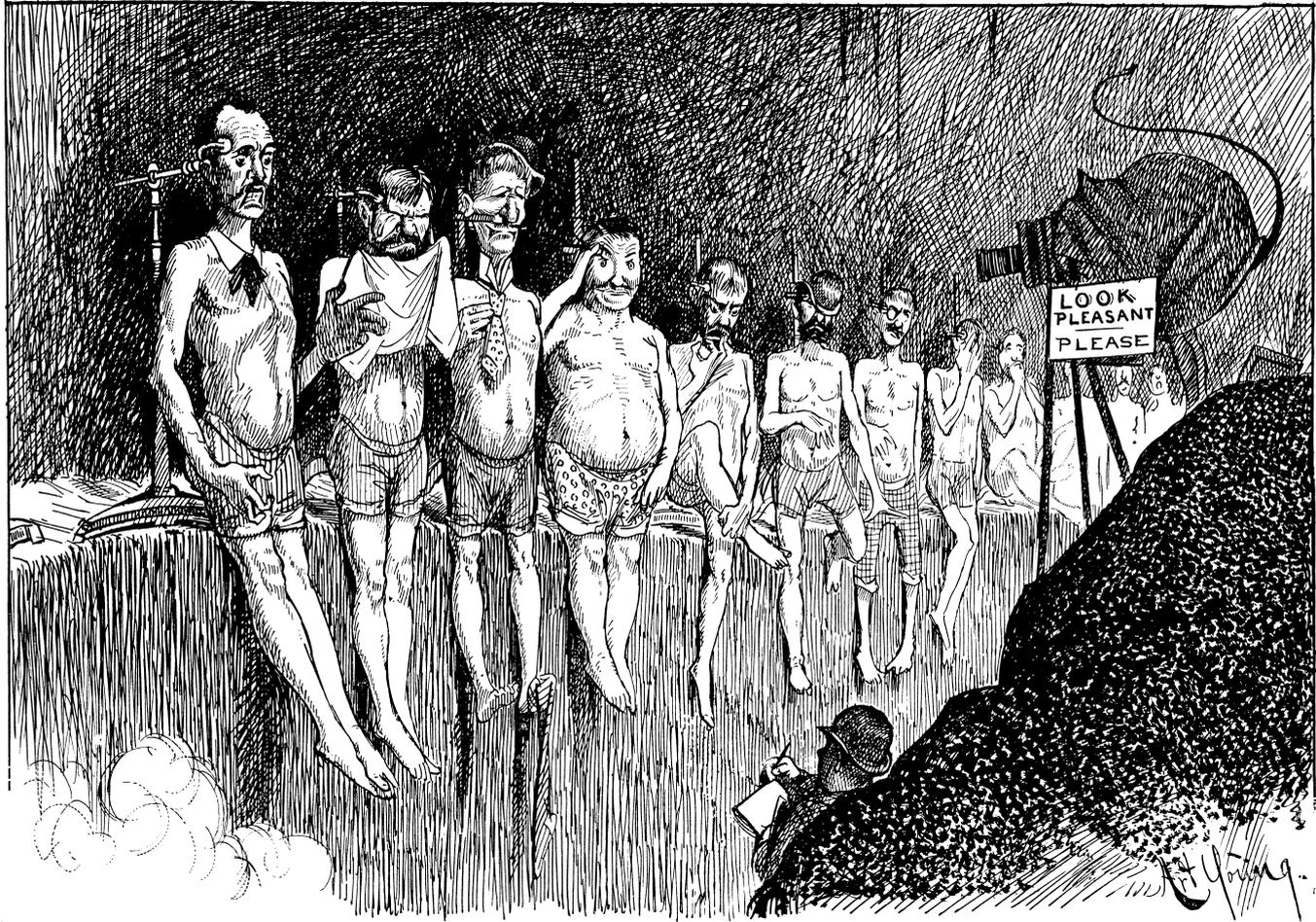


as I saw him being whisked through the air, and said, pleasantly, "Well, how do you like it yourself?" He did not answer. He couldn't.

Policemen who make use of the side door, policemen who practice their club exercises on small boys, those who sleep on their beats, and all those who have ever refused to answer a civil question, find ample accommodations and a reception of undeniable warmth in the lower world. Immediately on their arrival they are thrust into the electrical patrol wagon, which has bent pins in the seats, and trotted out to a lively district where professional carpet-beaters armed with clubs ever flail the air. Often they get into the way of the clubs.

It is a matter of tradition that mundane policemen look upon their five-pointed stars with pride. But when they encounter the clubs below they see more stars, round, five-pointed, octagonal and rhomboid, than they can possibly have time to admire.

The department set aside for lawyers is full to overflowing. Mr. Satan was compelled to add an



SOME BAD AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

"They did the groaning—the Devil did the rest."

annex to the rear of the department recently, for the exclusive accommodation of legal lights from Philadelphia. No plaint was heard here; nothing but deep-heaved sighs that made the eternal air shiver—sighs caused not by torture, but from grief felt by these vast multitudes.

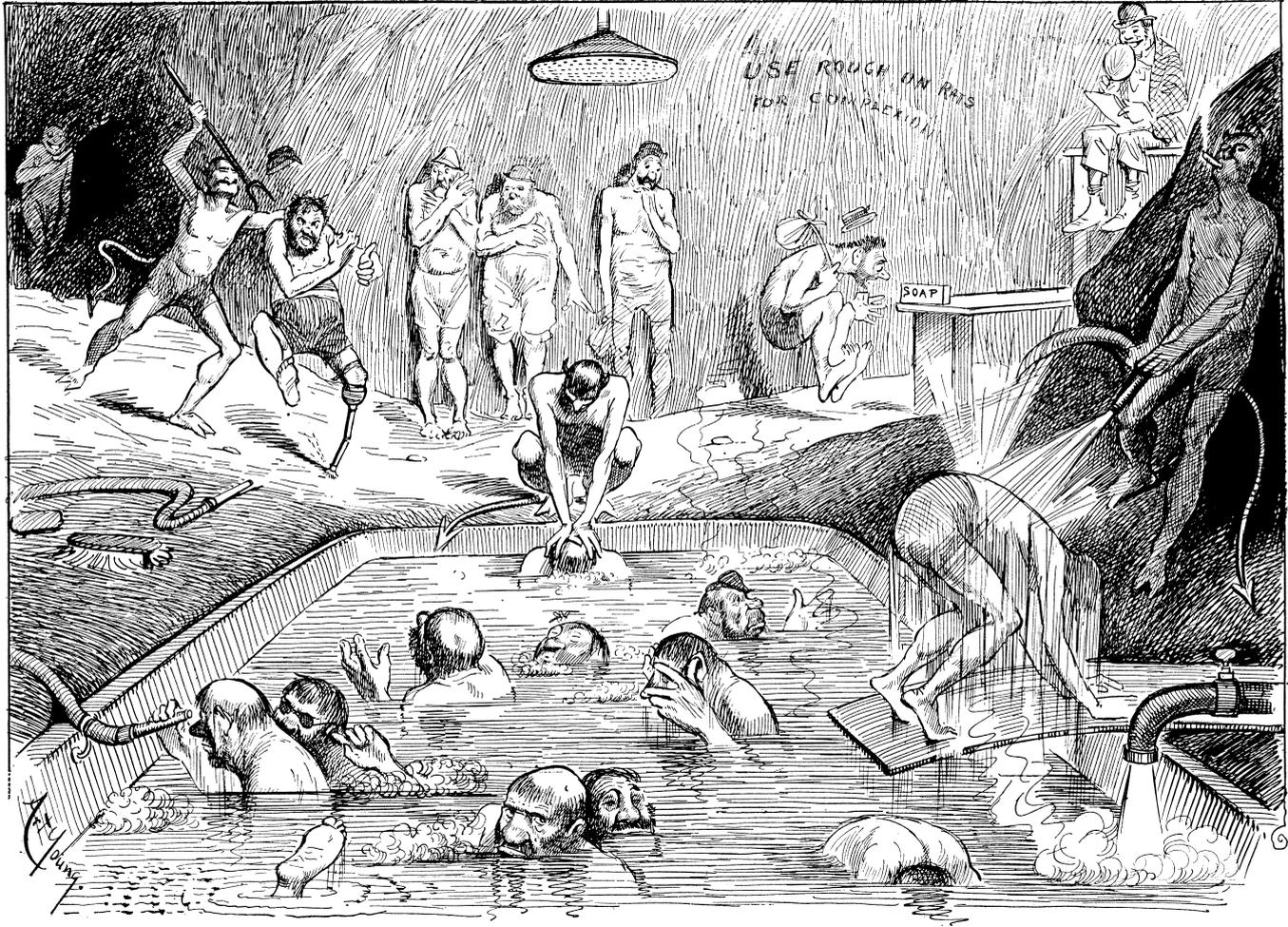
Every lawyer in Hell is gagged—another evidence that Mr. Satan knows human character. What mischief could a lawyer not do in this region if he were not gagged? Every one would go to headquarters, immediately on his arrival, and present a plea for a new trial or make objections to the rulings of Judge Minos. Moreover, he and his colleagues would promise to bail out every sinner in the place—if there was anything in it. As they sat around on the rocks, champing their gags as the untrained broncho champs his bit, I could not but see the necessity of their cruel penalty.

I was fortunate in arriving in Hell at a time when I might witness a scene that had never occurred before in the history of the place.

Never, until this time, had the sinners known a single hour's respite from torture. In this one brief holiday, Mr. Satan permitted the holding of a base-ball contest between picked nines from Boston and Chicago sinners. A scrap torn from the *Daily Groan*, Satan's official organ, and reproduced on page 52, gives a fair report of the more interesting events of the game.

Standing like patient oxen in their stalls, there now appeared before me a long row of hapless sinners, each held tightly by the nose, in the grip of a huge vise. This is the penalty ordained for the man who perpetually intrudes his nose into the business of others. Many of these were newspaper reporters. Aside from the crime of prying into private affairs, they had also cultivated the habit of asking their acquaintances, every time they chanced to meet, for a small loan. Through a short journalistic career, I have played an easy victim to these people. As a consequence, I now have about ninety-two outstanding accounts which I am going to turn over to a collector, with the understanding





THE TRAMPS.

"One reechy vagrant, who arrived while I was there, fell into a swoon on seeing a cake of soap for the first time."

## THE DAILY GROAN, OCTOBER 18

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(Continued from First Page.)

Mr. Satan himself came down on the elevator from his private office above, with Cerberus and a crowd of employes and valets. He took his seat in the gorgeously canopied grand stand, built for the occasion, and the vast multitude of the amphitheater rose as one man, shouting: "Rah for the old man! He's all right." A demon pressed an electric button at the right of Satan, and the whistles of the brimstone factories immediately began to blow, cannons boomed, and all Hell shook with the roar. It was the signal for the game to commence. Mr. Satan chose himself umpire. This was a disappointment to those who had come well armed with things to throw. Mr. James B——, a Chicago real-estate man, was catcher for the Chicagos. Jonas R——, ex-member of the Board of Education of Boston, stood behind the bat for the Bostons. A cab driver pitched for Chicago, and did some very effective twirling. The game was exciting. Chicago won after two hours of work. The twenty thousand or more sinners who made up the audience went back to their respective punishments, and Hell once more assumed its business-like appearance. The holiday was over. The residents will probably never have another.

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that he is to have a house and lot for every dollar collected.

One portion of the back yard of the brimstone works is set apart for a small but interesting class of miscreants. It is composed of men who, after seeing their neighbors carefully clean the sidewalks before their front doors, would leave the pave in front of their own homes covered with snow and slush. These individuals are here set to a task of perpetual shoveling. There is no snow, of course, but they are made to shovel brimstone, and to the supply of brimstone there is no limit. As soon as the shoveler has scooped away a little bare place in his heap, a demon comes along and fills it over again. The shoveler is never allowed to stop to blow on his fingers, or change hands on the scoop handle, or rest his aching shoulder. It is estimated that the work of one of these individuals alone, during seven months, would suffice to clean all the sidewalks in America and make a big hole in the Arctic snow-banks.



ON EARTH.

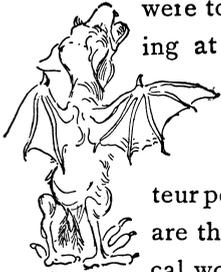


IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

THE SOCIETY BORE.

Editors who take an awful satisfaction in rejecting manuscript are piled in huge, red-hot iron waste-baskets. Those, also, who sin by swearing falsely to the circulation of their papers are here. They are put down deep into the bottom of the baskets, as the smallest and wormiest apples are always found in the lowest depths of the barrel. Here, also, are those editors who never credit stolen matter. In the valleys and on the mountain-sides, in caves and in ditches everywhere,

were to be seen these waste-baskets, each holding at least one hundred and fifty editors. I trust this news will send a thrill of serene joy through the heart of the struggling story-writer and the amateur poet. Democratic and Republican editors are thrown together regardless of their political works. Often—and this must be a pitiless punishment—a Republican editor, for instance, will find himself associated, cheek by jowl, with the editor of a rival Democratic paper. Free-traders rub elbows with protectionists. No wonder these

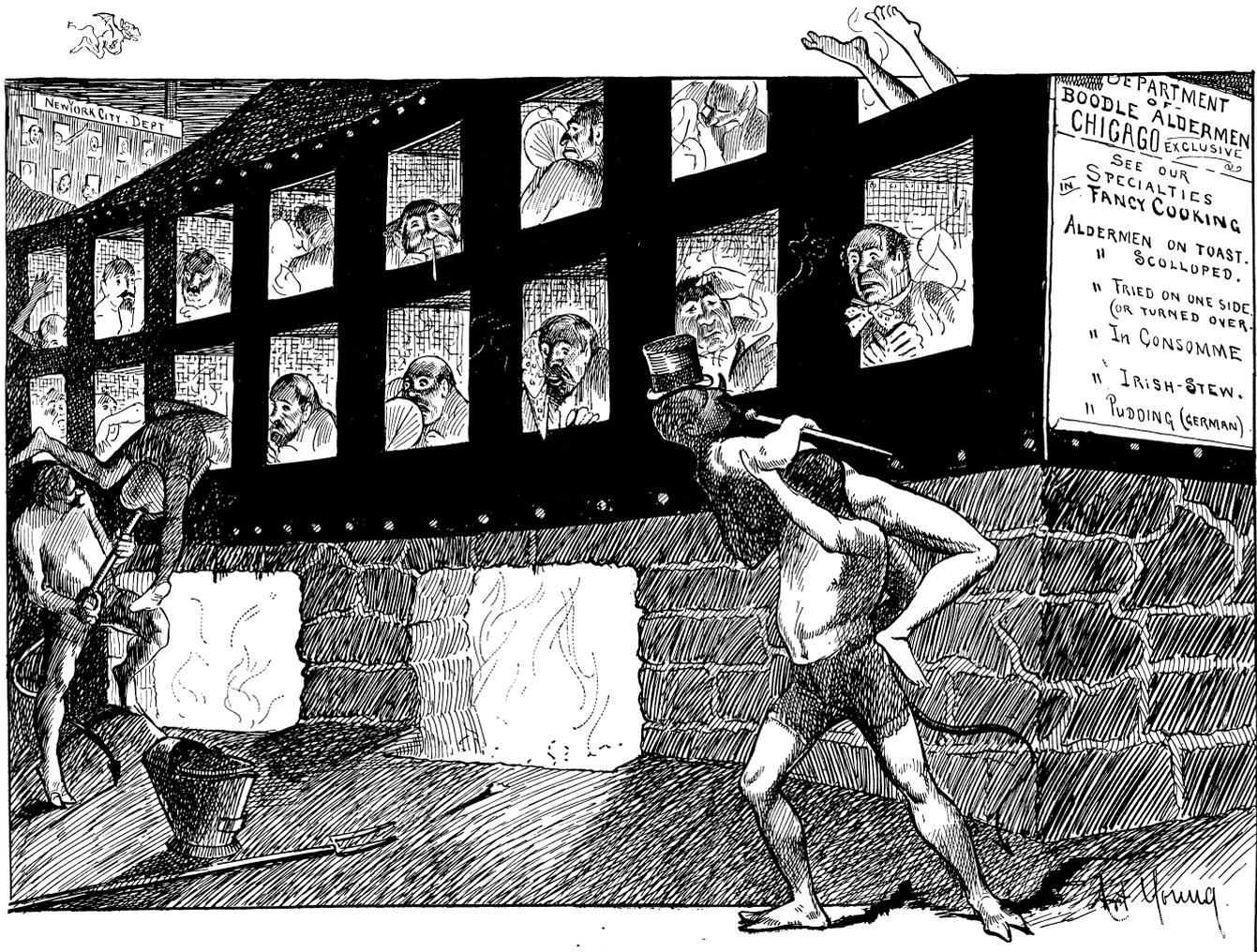


baskets of human-kind heave and toss with the wild animation that pervades a can of angle-worm bait.

Occasionally Mr. Satan makes a trip through his realm on a special car to see how things are progressing. On these tours of inspection he frequently addresses a few remarks to the crowds drawn about his coach by curiosity.

On the occasion of his last trip there was a strike threatening at the sulphur factory. Mr. Satan heard of the disturbance and ordered his coach backed up on the side-track by the works just as the men were leaving. He stepped out on the platform. An occasional hiss, with an accompanying low groan, swept through the crowd, but the king was firm.

“Gentlemen, employes and fellow-citizens of Hell,” he began. “Let us listen to reason.” Then, with a graceful and deprecating wave of his long tail, he leaned over the platform and flung this apothegm in their teeth: “Turbulence born of impulse is a ram that spends blind fury on a rock



THE BOODLE ALDERMEN.

"Each sat in his particular oven."

and falls back biting the dust." Then pausing and straightening up to see the effect, he continued: "This disturbance is unwise. I see a great many before me who are working out eternal sentences, for various offenses, at hard labor in this brimstone factory. Others, here, the foremen and overseers, are my compeers, and these I have every reason to believe are not in sympathy with the strike. To the former, let me repeat, this disturbance is unwise. It behooves all of you to go back and put again the machinery to the rumble.

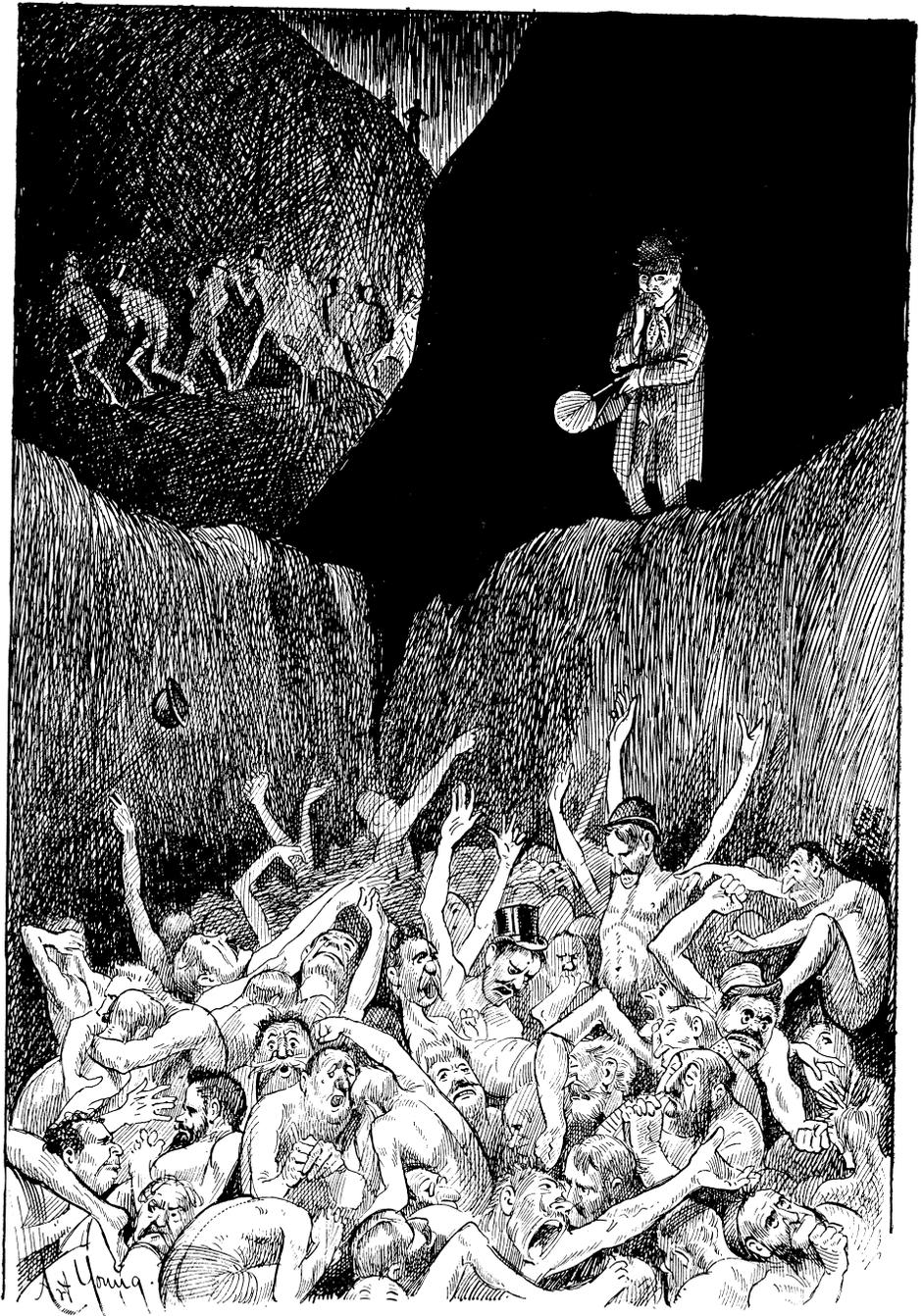
"Why this seething dissatisfaction? Surely you do not think that wealth is a chute through which one can slide to a haven of joy. Here you should be contented. You have all the clothing you need, and I pay your car-fare. And then think! Think, long and deep, how much better off you are than the boodle aldermen just across that chasm, who are at this very moment getting fried. You! out there!" And Mr. Satan pointed to a tall, swan-necked man far back in the crowd.



"How would you like to change places with the aldermen? And you!"—pointing to a man who was nervously biting his finger nails—"You, sentenced here because you let your wife split wood for a family of six while you played quoits, how would you like to change places with a confidence man who is compelled to slide eternally down a toboggan of sand paper? And," the orator added in a threatening tone, "I really believe you all deserve a severer punishment."

At this the strikers showed a perceptible weakening. Three or four even straggled back to the works, including the individual last addressed.

"Now, gentlemen, let your calm, deliberate judgment guide you. I have sounded the warning. Let well-enough alone. Throw grenades of reason on your smoldering discontent. Let your motto be: 'Well enough is Hell enough!' and you will pass your time to advantage in this wonderful region, which ever roars with modern improvement and prosperity."



BOARD OF TRADE GAMBLERS.

“ There they begin speedily to realize that Satan can run a tight corner himself.”

Satan bowed. The strikers returned to work. And, as he ordered the car out and settled himself in his seat, he again heard the machinery of the brimstone works put to the rumble.

In the midst of this fearful region yawns a spacious valley, in the hollow floor of which stands a huge stage. On this stage can be seen a throng of bald-headed gentlemen, dancing earnestly on sharp tacks. These are the men who sat in the front row of the theater; the men who nightly left wife and home to haunt the playhouse and lavish affection and flowers on willing ballet girls. No hope, no rest they have, save on the one day in the month which Mr. Satan gives them for picking the tacks out of their feet. Then the merry dance goes on again, while His Majesty's subjects look on and laugh. They show no evidence of close observation and study of the saltatory art. Each dances in his own peculiar way. Some prefer the mazurka step, while a few practice something resembling the *danse du ventre*. As I stood on



the cliff which answers as the first balcony of this subterranean theater, and looked down on the all-star combination, my thoughts turned to the thousands of deluded veterans on earth who insist on being frivolously gay, never once worrying their heads about the hereafter. Yet, as sure as fate, that hereafter will eventually gather them in, and wind them up for this eternal can-can.

High up on a rocky shelf above a horrible abyss, I found one whose fate seemed after all hardly adequate to his great fault. He was the man who on earth would eat in defiance of all laws of decency. Many a time had he sat at a public restaurant table and gleefully spaded pie into his mouth with a knife-blade, while a host of distressed patrons dropped their coffee-cups and gazed at the spectacle. He would draw soup through a clotted moustache with a sound like a leaking hydrant. Also, he used to tuck his napkin around under his collar and tie it at the back. In his present situation, he stands fastened to the



**BUNKO-STEERERS AND CONFIDENCE MEN.**

"I mounted to the summit of a small precipice, and looked over."

cruel rock by a halter about his neck, while just out of reach a throng of merry goblins with luscious pies are venting shrill jeers. The intensely poetic justice of this proceeding is at once apparent.

Not all amateur photographers are bad, but enough of them have fallen into the realm of pain to warrant a special and appropriate punishment.

Along a high surface of straight rock, each hung up by a "head-rest," were these unfortunates, their forms dangling over a deep but narrow abyss.

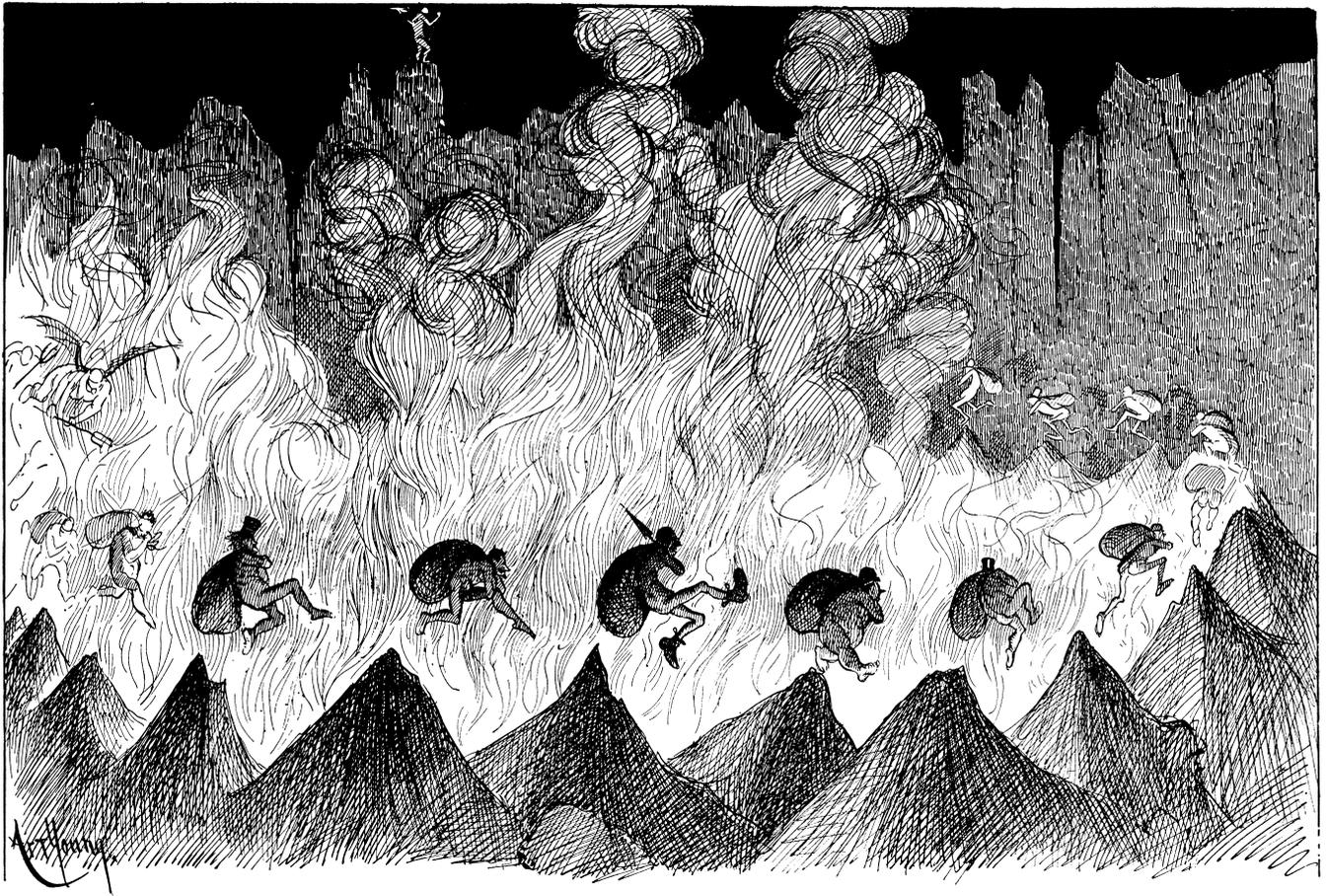
Every hour a demon comes along and takes snapshots, with the understanding that the victims must look pleasant or be hurled down into the chasm, where they go through a terrible developing torture. Any one who has had the experience (and who has not?) of trying to look pleasant with the cleats of a "head-rest" digging deep into his skull, knows what a trying ordeal it is. Kodak fiends without number swung above me as I walked along taking notes. They did the

groaning—the Devil did the rest. Sometimes I would reach over playfully from the opposite side of the chasm and pull the toe of a gasping mortal, just by way of introduction, and then try to draw him out into conversation. But they were not inclined to be communicative.

I now descended by a winding way into a department which is devoted to the punishment of tramps. A diabolical wag had written on the wall of rock above the entrance: "The Retreat for the Tired." The entrance was guarded by a burly demon who objected furiously to my entering. Upon telling him my purpose and explaining the value of newspaper notices, he unbent, and said that if I was writing the place up, that was different, he would be glad to do any favor, and would like to have me send him a copy of the paper.

His fury being thus easily pacified, I passed through the narrow gate-way and walked down a long declivity up which the blinding steam hurried as a blizzard sweeps up a prairie slope. Upon drawing near the bottom,





AGILE DEFAULTERS.

"On they came, clattering like mountain goats."

I discerned large vats of boiling water, where were being washed thousands of those worthless, uncouth beings who, while on earth, lived without work, begged without shame and washed without soap—if indeed they washed at all.

"Most of these tramps hail from the little mosquito-bitten State of New Jersey," said the burly demon who had followed me down and was making himself agreeable with the evident design of getting his name in the newspaper. "That," said he, pointing to a spot where the ripples spread wide their coils, "that is the soul of Tired Timothy, of Trenton, New Jersey. Yonder is Wayward Huskins, who had an enviable reputation of never doing a day's work in his life. That bald brow

whereon the snake-feeders are dancing ring-around-the-rosy is Pentup Peters, of Duluth, the wiliest, wittiest tramp of trampdom."

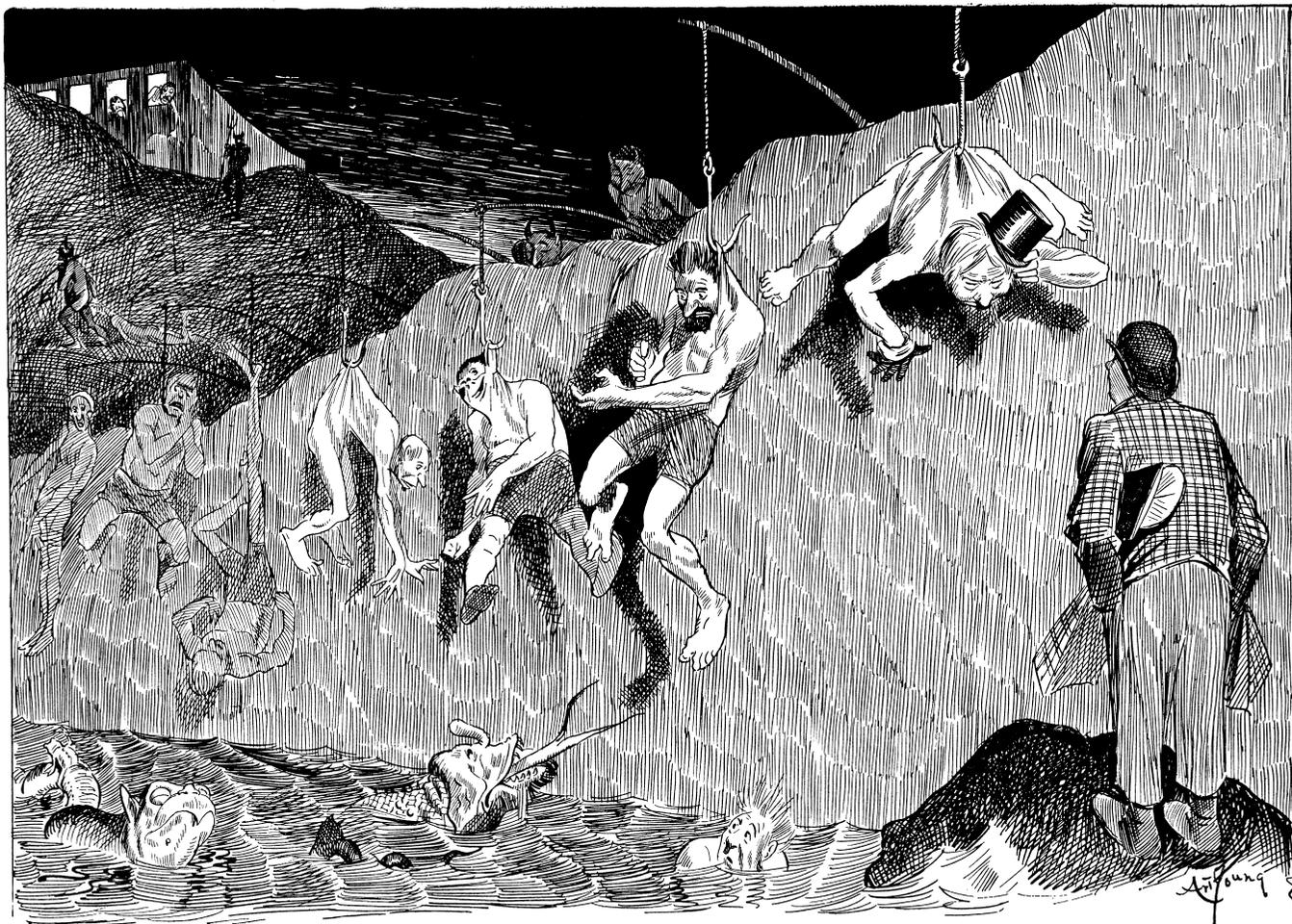
Many more were pointed out to me, whose names I do not now call to mind. Some whom I saw were immersed as

high as to their eyebrows; others showed nothing but a foot or a freckle. Long did I sit and watch them, as the demons would turn on the hose when they least expected it, or pull them out and scrub them. One reechy vagrant from Akron, who arrived while I was there, fell into a swoon on seeing a cake of soap for the first time. It was pathetic.

Having successfully surmounted some hindrances and inspected the new Incline Railroad, which is now in full working order, I followed the direction of a sign-board pointing to the gulf where society bores are punished.

The society bores—and there are many of them in Hell—are not having what would be termed on earth "a glorious time." They were all there, however. The man who continually talks about himself was there; the man who tries to act funny in company and makes an indecent fool of himself was there; the man who is always flattering other men's wives was there. There were others, too, all being sat upon by industrious demons who





MENDACIOUS INDIVIDUALS—MEN WHO TELL FISH STORIES.

“Like fretted fishes jerked from the calm delights of a placid pool.”



worked diligently and happily, boring deep holes into the poor wretches with brace and bit, or post-hole augers.

Hugging the rocky ledge closely, I groped my way to a lower plain, where I discovered new torments. Here the boodle aldermen are roasted *à la mode*. Everywhere was great activity. It is said that this department exacts more careful attention and employs more demons than any other in this region. I found the large and populous Chicago branch to be the most interesting.

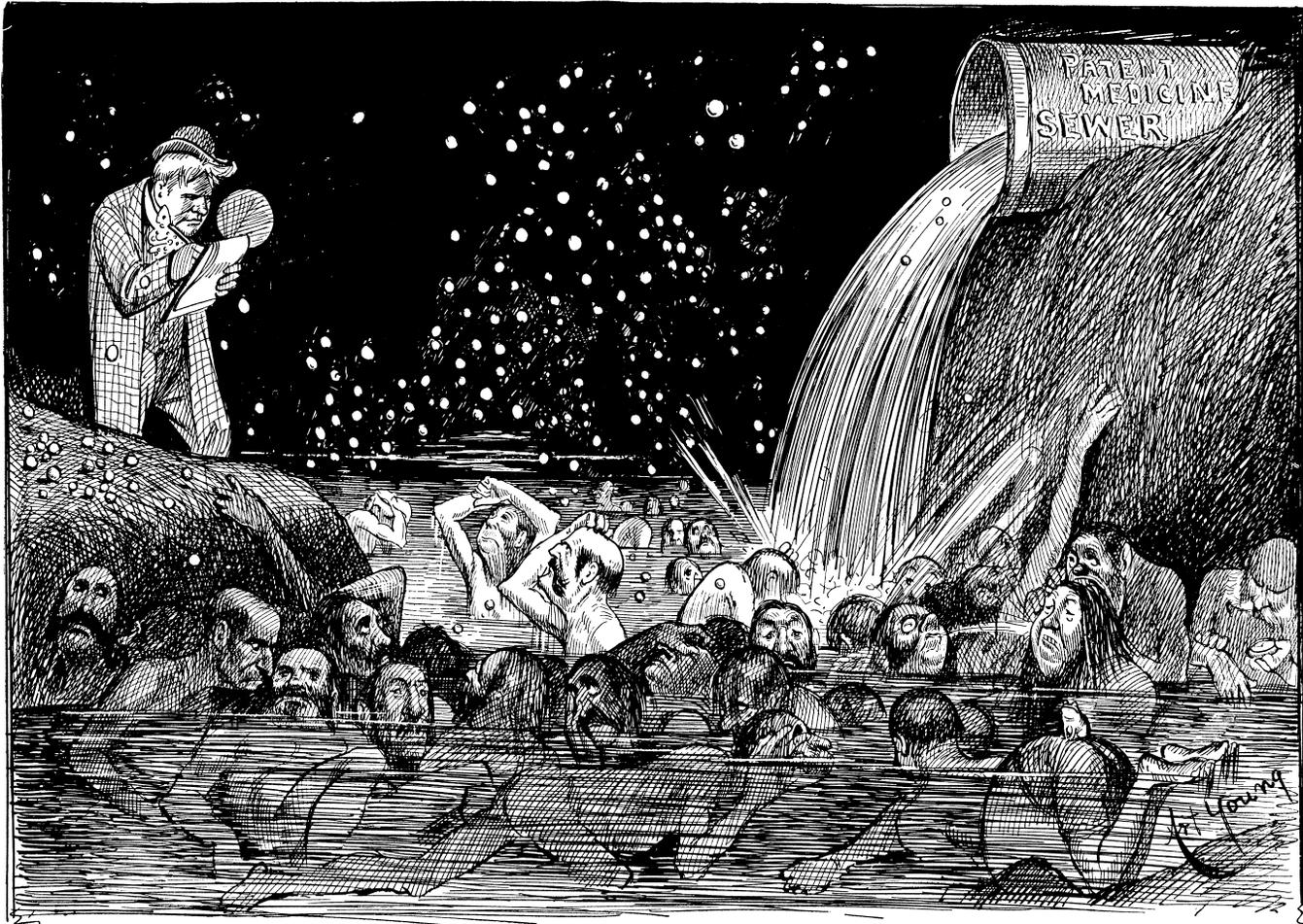
These boodle alderman, who, on earth, aver that their hearts burn with a passionate desire to serve the people, and then forthwith go to serving with impassioned energy any corporation that will give up to them, are here shoveled into the separate ovens of a big furnace, which winds around the hill in a semicircular arrangement similar to that of the desks in the Chicago city council.

Each sat in his particular oven, not only "burning at heart with sympathy for his constituents," but burning all over, and swearing till the

blue air, mixing with the bright red flames, made a highly striking picture. At intervals the aldermen would break out with the remark that if it hadn't been for the newspapers they would not be suffering this injustice.

Some are tough and some are tender, but the demons spare none; the fat and the lean, the beautiful and the thug-faced, all go together in democratic simplicity into this sizzling, broiling barbecue. If, on feeling of the breast-bone of a new arrival, it is found that he is uncommonly tough, he goes into the Chicago department, as a matter of course. New York City compares favorably with Chicago in furnishing thoroughbred boodlers. Pittsburgh sends some pretty bad ones; and I was told that Cleveland, Ohio, had a showing of aldermen in Hell that could compete with almost any—not in numbers, but in general moral, mental and physical dilapidation.

On my way out, I passed the furnace where those from Providence, Rhode Island, were roasted.



THE QUACK DOCTORS.

"Gulping their own poison."

It was a very sad sight, but somehow I did not feel like soiling a new handkerchief with fresh tears. Perhaps I felt as the average tax-payer must feel when he reads this—that Hell is a rich joke on the aldermen.

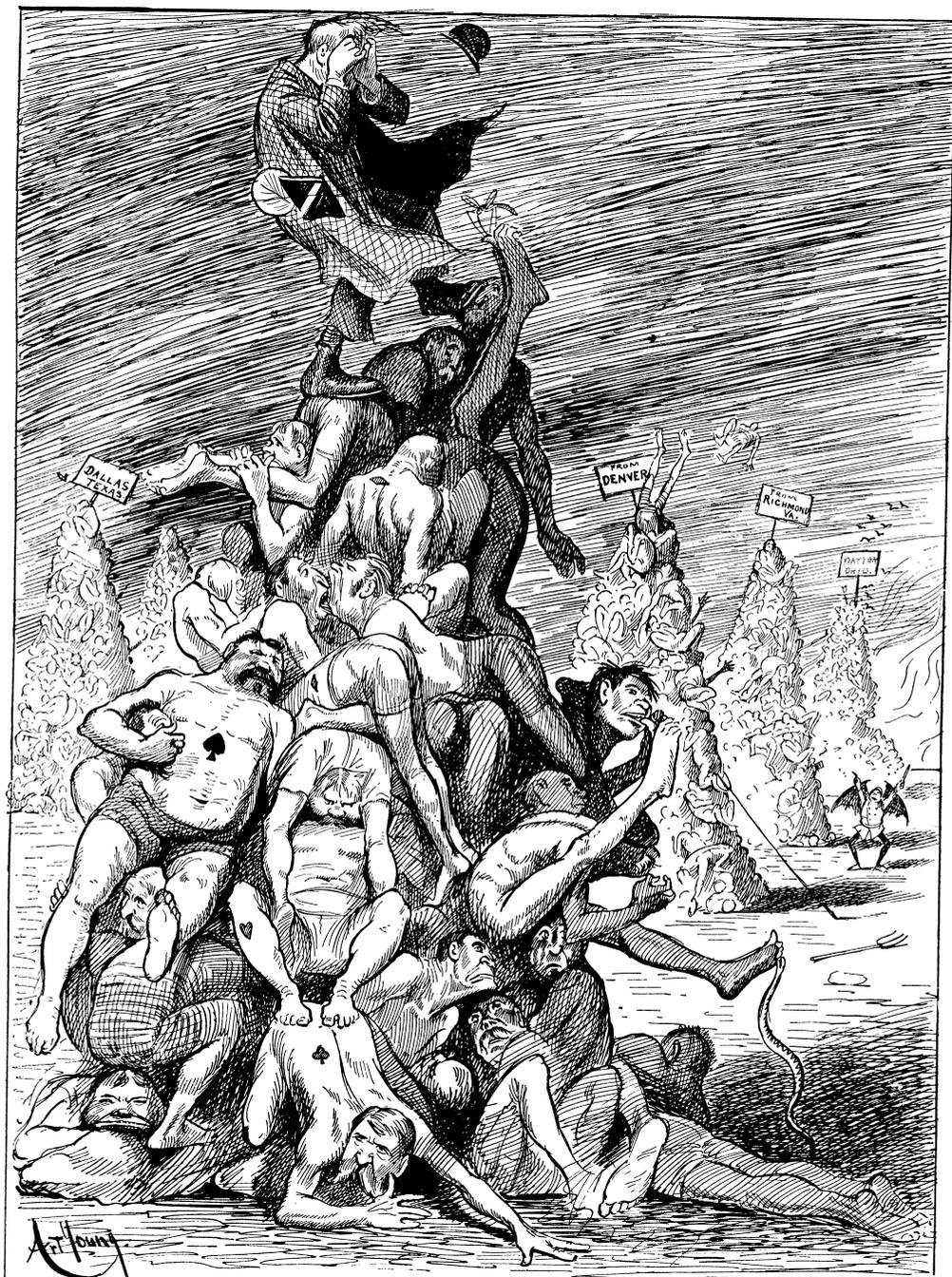
Now I began to hear below me a terrible noise; the yelling of voices deep and hoarse made up a tumult that cleft the Stygian darkness like the roaring of a herd of Leviathans. Following the direction of the noise, I soon discovered that I was in the eternal home of the "Board of Trade gamblers." Into huge pits or "corners," as the demons call them, these bulls and bears are hurled headlong. There they begin speedily to realize that Mr. Satan can run a tight corner himself—a tighter "corner" than they were ever in, or ever pushed any one else into. No mercy is shown them; fifteen deep, they are piled in and squeezed as wet clothes are squeezed in a wringing-machine.

The flames from an adjacent well of natural gas rose high above the opposite wall and threw a flickering red light about

this department, plainly disclosing these animals in all their mad revelry. Looking down the jaws of the pit, I saw, directly below me, a large man who seemed so utterly whelmed in woe that pity burst the dam of my visage, and I dropped a large, lustrous tear on his bald head as a token of my sympathy.

As I was leaving the Board of Trade gamblers, I looked up and saw a tribe of smooth, oily-looking sinners coming down the slope and gibbering in low, guttural tones, while a Gorgon policeman cracked a long whip and drove them on from the rear. These individuals, I was informed, were the bunko-steerers. I followed the procession long and faithfully, as a small boy will follow an Italian with a bear—not because there is any fun in walking, but because there is certain to be a free show. I was not disappointed. Climbing a steep hill, the procession halted where there was already a howling pandemonium of hopeless souls. I mounted to the summit of a small precipice and looked over. Running from





THE POKER PLAYERS.

"As far as I could see these tangled heaps of human-kind reared their lofty peaks to the opaque sky."

the top to the bottom of this hill was a sandpaper slide, constructed very much like the regulation toboggan slide, though not for the amusement of the sliders. The slide punishment is dealt to bunko-steerers for various reasons. It gives the devils a chance to try their own hands at steering, for one thing, and it affords them a good deal of enjoyment. And then, the sandpaper, being coarse-grained and rough, rubs off that smooth, oily way which is a necessary acquirement of a successful bunko-steerer.

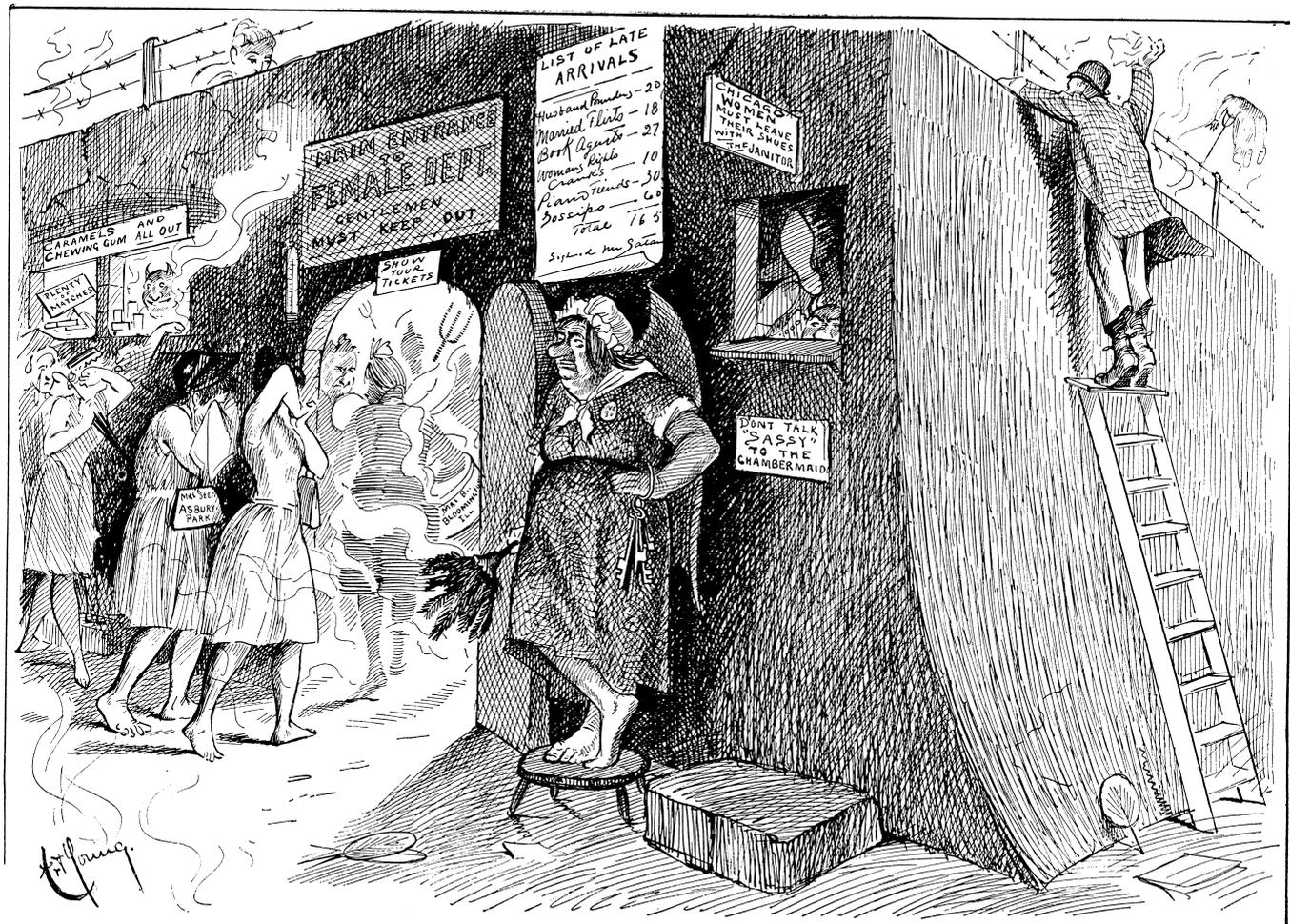


As they stood in procession, with shivering knees, a demoniac policeman would at certain intervals yell "Next!" The one foremost would then shuffle to the front, where he would receive a shove which would send him whirling and rasping down the slide at a fearful rate. Those who have rubbed a big Bermuda onion on a nutmeg grater will easily imagine the fluency with which the slider wept.

Farmers from Sangamon County, Illinois, as well as those from Essex, New York, Berkshire, Massachusetts, and Ulster County, New York, all of whom are noted for the time-honored custom of being beguiled by these affable tricksters, and relieved of their money every time they visit large cities, will be pleased to hear that there is a place of retribution for the bunko-steerer. Indeed, there is played upon him a skin game of which he cannot get the combination.

Inveterate and guileful poker players are stacked up in regular rows like poker chips. A section embracing miles and miles of valuable real estate in Hell is used for the stacking of these sinners.

That I might get a good bird's-eye view of the department, I climbed to the summit of one of these mountains of human souls. Twice my efforts to gain the top were baffled, and I fell down the howling mass all in a heap. I made a third effort, and this time, by taking firm hold of an occasional protruding ear or stout toe, and using great caution



ENTRANCE TO THE FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

"I carried on a harmless flirtation with a fair-haired sinner over the wall."

not to step on a smooth-shaven chin, lest I might slip, I succeeded in reaching the top. Then I made a telescope of my hands and looked out over the plain of Pokerdom. And what a sight was there, my countrymen!

The hot wind was blowing strong. The signs rustling in the stacks swung to and fro with the breeze. Just as far as I could see, these tangled heaps of humankind reared their lofty peaks to the opaque sky, while the bats swung around them and built nests in their whiskers. The pile on which I stood heaved and tossed so wildly that I thought it best to crawl down and set forward for the next department.

Coming to a spot where the plain of "Pokerdom" ends abruptly and descends in an almost perpendicular steep, thousands of voices arose from below; they were female voices. I looked down through a thick fog, which hovered over the vast plain, and saw, indistinctly, a large square of battlements

surrounding what I afterward learned was the department for the punishment of women. "Women who step off the street cars backwards," "the woman who has her husband do her housework when he ought to be attending to his own business," "the ubiquitous borrower for church funds," "the feeble-minded woman who publicly flaunts affection for her husband," "women who lavish their affections on poodle dogs," "domineering hired girls," "saucy telephone girls," "the woman who pounds her husband with a broom when she should take an ax"—these, all these, and numerous others, find warm berths in the "Devil's Domain."

Passing my solitary way down the steep, with both hands and feet doing active service, I drew near to the entrance, where the rabble of voices now sounded like several sewing societies in joint caucus. I saw a notice over the door: "Gentlemen must keep out." I made an effort to sneak in, notwithstanding, but was detected by a coy she-goblin, who guards the entrance, and who whisked me out with a suddenness that it makes me dizzy





to think of, even now. Not entirely disheartened, I wandered around the wall, and, while no one was looking, climbed up a step-ladder and carried on a little harmless flirtation with a fair-haired sinner over the wall.

As, oppressed by the gloom and terror, I wandered down into the fearsome pit beneath the "Female Department," with my eyes still fixed upon the lofty battlements, and heart drumming against my ribs, I heard a weird, sepulchral voice ring out: "Say, mister, lift your feet!" I turned and saw before and underneath me a lake whose frozen surface seemed like glass. As frogs peep croaking above the wave, so countless spirits, blue, pinched and frigid, stood shrined in ice. At the side a perpendicular wall of ice arose, as a bank rises at a river's side. From this wall, also, there peered heads, whose chattering teeth sounded like the monotonous music of horse fiddles.

Referring to my guide-book, I found that this was the just punishment of those heartless, unsympathetic and un-

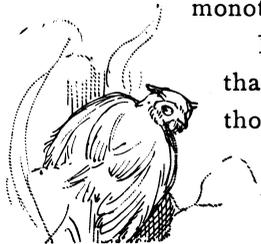
charitable men whom one meets in every community, and whose characters might best be described by the word "cold."

Walking on a space, I found one at my feet who seemed apart from this throng, but was none the less grief-stricken. He lifted his head with a blood-freezing crackle of the neck-joint. I stooped low and sympathetically asked him what he had done to deserve such treatment.

He answered: "Sold ice," and I knew that here was one of that fortunately almost extinct species of mercenary ice-dealer who brings little chunks of ice to the customer's door and charges three times their value.

I began to see that I would have a case of chilblains to nurse if I didn't hurry from the place—so I skated out.

I next descended a path leading to the left, and sought to explore the depth wherein all-searching justice dooms to punishment the agile bank cashiers and all men who have at any time during their lives shouldered other men's money and





THE KENTUCKY COLONELS.

"More snakes!"

skipped to countries where they fear no extradition.

I had not journeyed long over the uncertain steps of stone, when, from a sharp turn in the Alp-like slope, I saw great volumes of fire shooting and swaying in the far-off gloom. The peaks of distant mountains showed black against the glare. The caloric was now intense.

Looking up, as a wide rift opened in the whirling smoke, I saw, beyond, the spirits of the bank cashiers still forever skipping, still forever chased by Satan's private police. On they came, clattering like mountain goats, leaping and tumbling from crag to crag, on their shoulders big bags of stones, far heavier than any boodle, and in their hearts great chunks of sorrow. On and on they skip eternally. There is no American detective behind to lose sight of them and give them cease of suffering.

Pushing blindly downward, I suddenly felt myself environed by a damp atmosphere. Downward to the left I came upon the men who are given to

falsehoods, particularly men who were fond of telling "fish stories." These sinners are hung up on fish-hooks over a boiling lake, where, through the long, hot ages, they writhe and squirm like fretted fishes jerked from the calm delights of a placid pool. Some hung by the ears, others by the back. Another was swinging, with unstudied grace, by the heel. Approaching one who hung uneasily above, I looked up, and asked him whether he was sorry he had come. He muttered something about its being no sinecure, but, as I was about to go away, called me back and asked how the fishing was, up around the Mackinac lakes.

Though at this time well-nigh exhausted with the vicissitudes of my journey, I kept right on, determined to see everything. Some people, as I could plainly see, were going to stand this thing throughout eternity. I ought to be able to hold on a little longer.

The sewers of Hell are flushed with patent medicines. Wallowing in this stream of mysterious decoction are the souls of the quack doctors, gulp-



THE MONOPOLISTS AND SNOBBISH RICH.

“ Then, the heat becoming more intense, his corpulent person flopped in the pan, head down, as pop-corn jumps with the heat.”

ing their own poison. To add to the punishment, unceasing showers of large pills descend, the doctors frantically beating the air in their endeavors to ward off the bitter storm.

I saw many whose portraits once adorned the advertising columns of the daily press, but they slunk away on seeing me as a water-rat seeks the darkness of the mud-bank. One of them, who had been trying to gnaw a free lunch out of the head of a rival, looked up while I stood on the rock above them, wiped his moustache on the other fellow's head and cried out, "Say, did you ever take anything for it?" "For what?" I asked. "Why, man, you've got incipient etiolation of the cerebellum." "Thanks," said I, and walked off.

I don't know just what the etiolation malady may be, but if I have it, it will probably be trouble enough of itself, without being complicated with patent medicines.

Down in a gloomy vale, where the hot, miasmatic breeze rankles

in your nostrils like the odor of a lowly restaurant, I discovered the Kentucky colonels. I take no credit for the discovery. Any one who visits Hell and fails to run against officers from the blue-grass country must be an expert dodger. And here they were; up on the mountain sides, down in the chasms, everywhere—writhing, cavorting and galloping. Each colonel wears a pair of boots which are well filled with large snakes. These are his permanent property. In case he loses any, the demon overseer will yell, "More snakes!" and immediately another hodful is sent up from below.

The horrible scenes witnessed at every turn now began to unnerve me. As a fluttering feather drops to lowland from the weary wing of the jimcrow wheeling over the mountain crest, so my heart sank lower and lower, till I dropped to the ground in a stupor of extreme melancholy.

Aroused by the heavy boom of a gas-pipe bursting on the opposite hill, I arose and pushed aimlessly on my way, presently finding myself in the midst of the great fat-frying industries of this region.





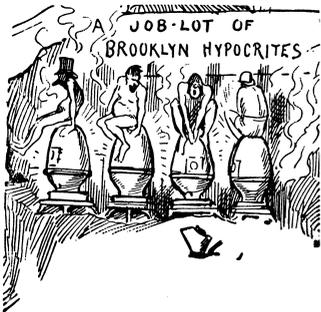
THEY FAILED TO PRACTICE WHAT THEY PREACHED.

“But looking up I saw a sight that made me stand aghast.”

Seated in large frying-pans, the monopolists and the pompous rich vainly fan themselves, while the slow, eternal fires gradually fry the fat out of them. I passed slowly in front of them as they sat there, hissing and bubbling. They eyed me sharply, evidently wondering how I happened to be there in the garb of earthly mortals. One steaming soul, before whom I halted, wiped his brow with a ragged stock certificate and asked me if I could tell him what "Union Pacific" was quoted at. I told him I did not know, whereat he seemed very sad. Then, the heat becoming more intense, his corpulent person flopped in the pan, head down, as popcorn jumps with the heat.

Walking on apace and wondering how a little facetiousness would strike the unfortunates, I asked one of the number, who was already done quite

brown, if it was "hot enough" for him. It did not work. Immediately a score or more of demons shot down from the black sky, and, grappling me



with hooks, hurled me down a deep chasm, a distance of several hundred feet.

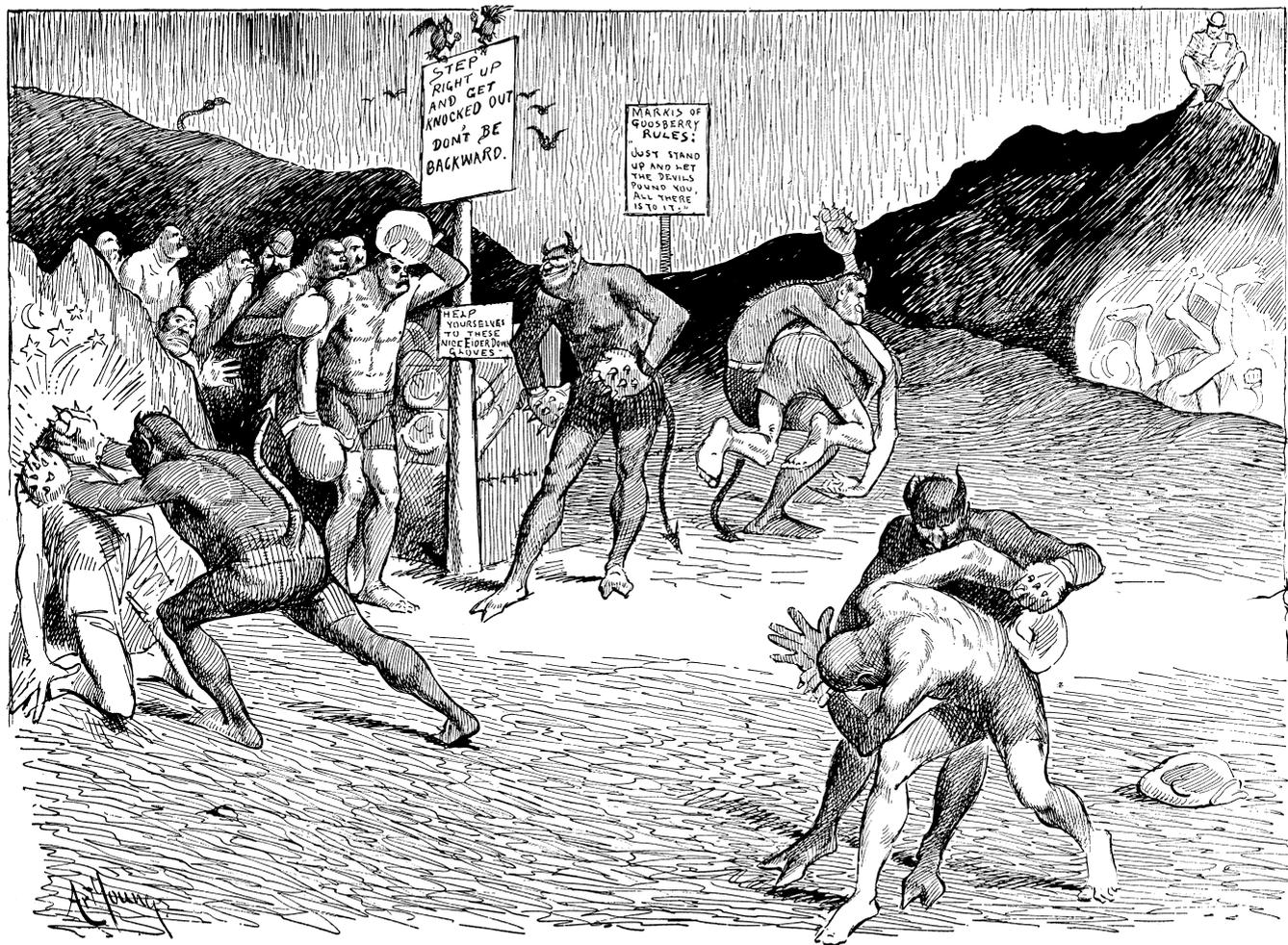
An age it seemed before I recovered reason, when, standing in an abyss where stifling vapors drifted thick on all sides, my ear caught the sound of strange, metallic mutterings seemingly coming from a distance. But looking up, I saw a sight that made me stand aghast. There, right before me, along the barren rock sat a brood of pensive souls crouching before an endless row of phonographs.

"Sermons I used to inflict on the public," was the inscription placarded on each machine.

In front of them there passed every few moments an industrious demon taking up a collection.

It needed no reference to my guide book to place these unhappy people—the ministers who never know when their congregations have had enough.

Passing wearily up an acclivity, dragging one foot, then the other, as one might haul two recalcitrant children, I at last reached the summit, from



THE BRUTE PUGILISTS.

"Some of them fought vigorously for a moment, but in the end they all succumbed."



which I looked into a large enclosure, and saw the mode of punishment that Judge Minos, in his severest mood, metes out to the professional pugilist. The sluggers were holding glove contests with the most powerful of the demons. Some of them fought vigorously for a moment, but in the end they all succumbed. As the demons wore gloves covered with short iron spurs and the pugilists had only the regulation mitten, with eight ounces of padding, the contests were rather one-sided.

One pugilist was receiving particularly heavy punishment. "Who is that unfortunate?" I asked. "Some one who has fought innumerable times?" "No," replied one of the demons. "He didn't fight at all. He's just issued challenges."

I was now in the very bottom of the region, the lowest depth, and was about to retrace my steps, congratulating myself that it was all over, when I became aware of a constant muffled rumbling, as of some ponderous machinery. At reg-

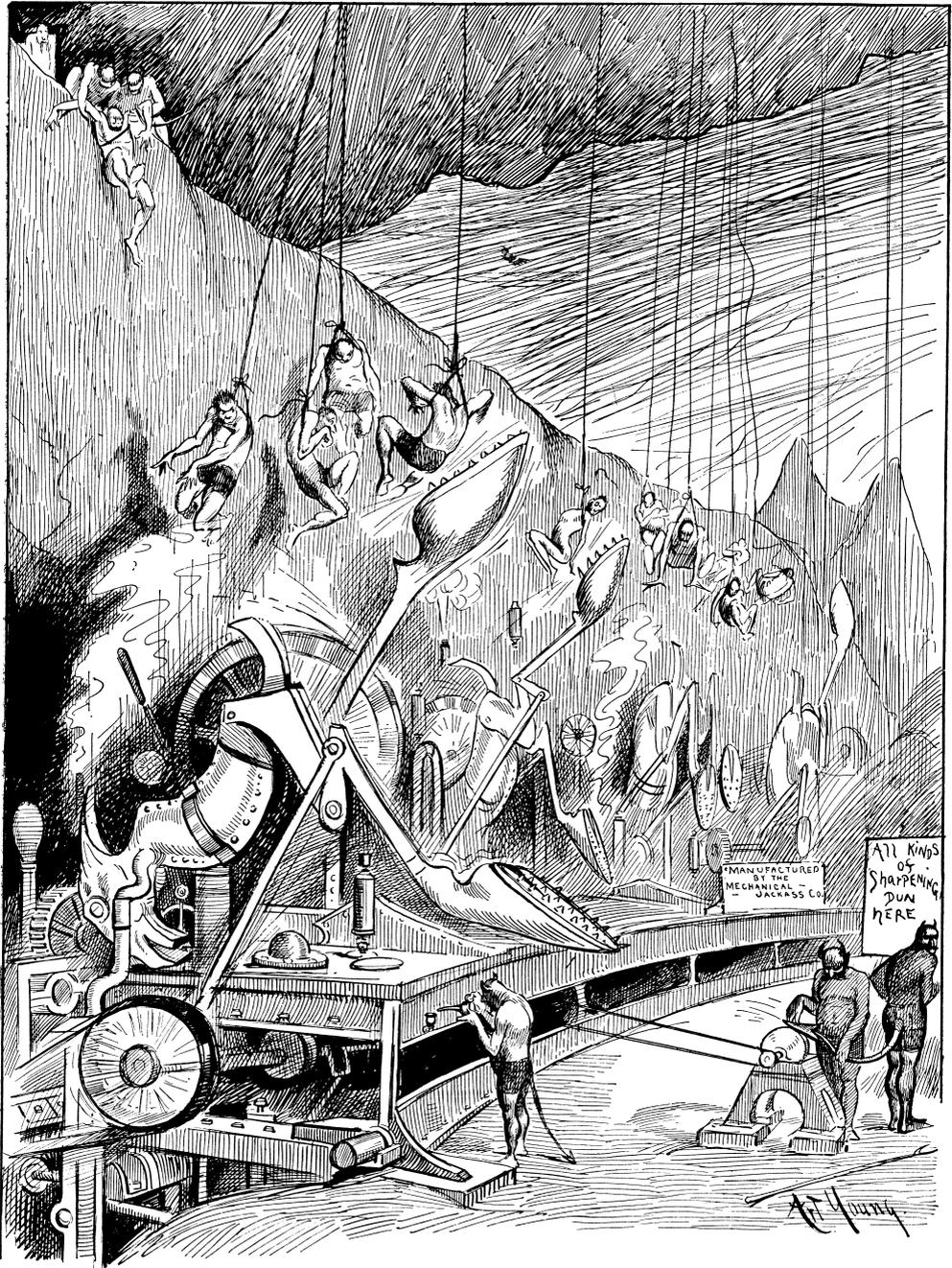
ularly recurrent intervals the rumbling was broken by a loud swat, which sounded like a man spanking a cheese with a scoop-shovel.

Walking over in the direction of the sound, I found myself in the department where the "Chronic Kickers" reap the bitter reward of their pessimistic lives. The mechanical kicking-machines used here are perhaps the most valuable labor-saving devices in Hell.

The following facts I culled from the Tourists' Guide given me by Mr. Satan:

"Each machine is so constructed that it resembles a huge mule; eighty-two of these mules constitute one large machine. Each mule is capable of getting in seventy-six kicks per minute; and the entire force at work has a capacity of 6,232 kicks every sixty seconds."

It was an impressive sight. The "Chronic Kickers" were swung off a precipitous rock and allowed to hang down just far enough to get the brunt of the mules' heels as they swung up. Some of them, through force of habit, vainly try to kick



THE CHRONIC KICKERS.

"Reap the bitter reward of their pessimistic lives."

back. In the later stages of my weird journey I had begun to grow weary of darkness. Now I pined for the light of the upper world.

A big, brawny demon, with a forked tail and a noisy respiration, like the snuffle of a captive boar, stood in the path as I shambled toward the elevator. I passed behind him, hoping I would not be seen. As a windmill's wheels veer at a sudden gust of air, he turned and swooped upon me. I cowered in the darkness of the rock, but he caught me quite easily.

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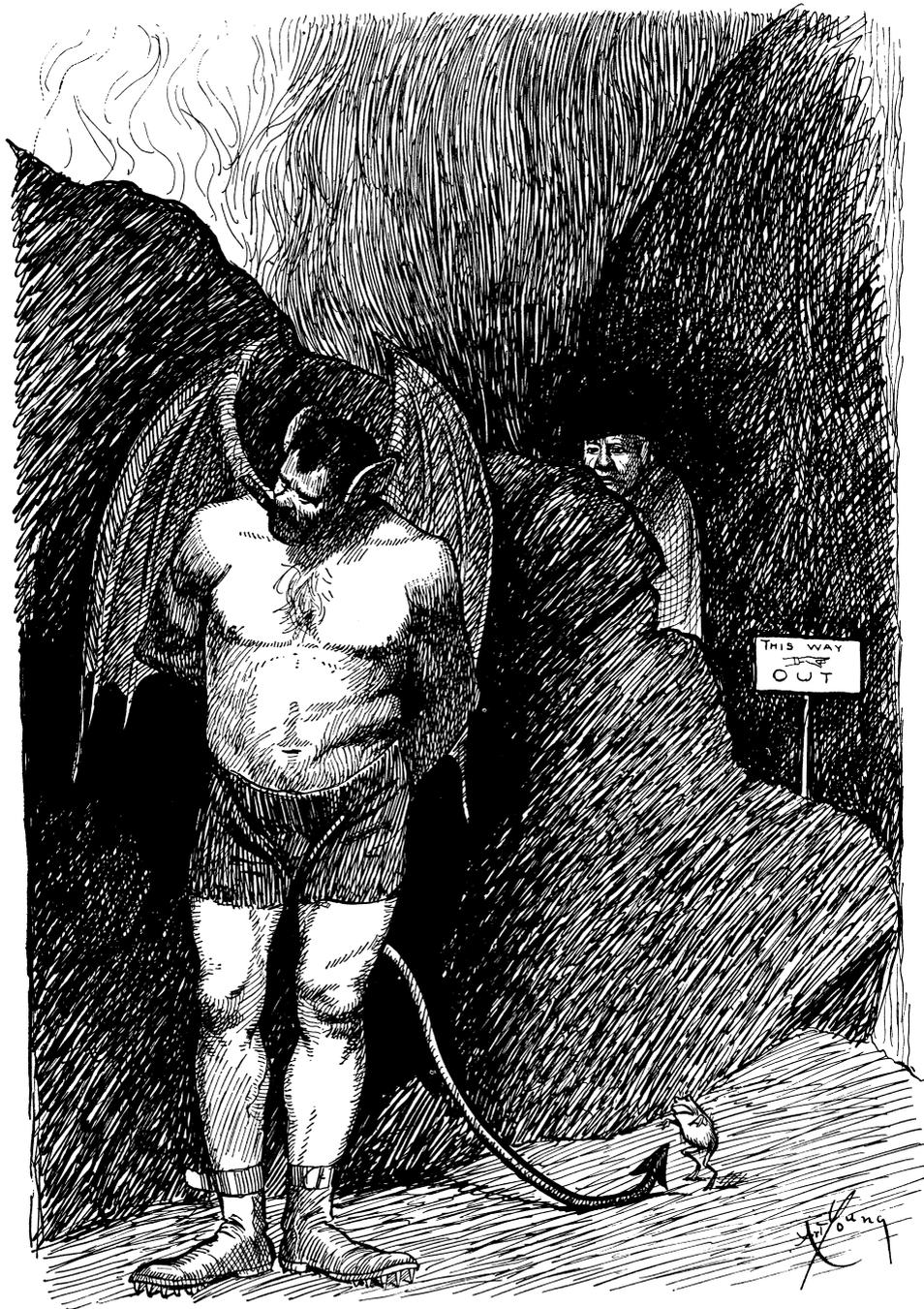
A strong hand clutched my coat collar. There was a convulsive jerk, a sound of hissing air-brakes and a general commotion around me.

"Get off!" I screamed, and then a terrific shake unsettled the lethargy, and, opening my eyes, I saw the conductor standing over me.

"All out for Chicago!"

"Chicago!" said I. "Great Sardanapalus! I thought this was Hell."





A GUARD OF THE EXIT.

"A big, brawny demon with a forked tail."









